McKean County Miner.

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DEAD BODY FOUND BY SOME BOYS

Eugene Glavin Met His Death at Bradford in a Mysterious Manner.

MONEY AND WATCH WERE MISSING

Mr. Glavin was a Resident of Keating Township—Left Smethport Monday to Buy Clothes in Bradford.

Smethport people were sadly shocked Tuesday night to learn that the dead body of Eugene Glavin, a well known farmer, who lived in Farmers Valley, a few miles from town, had been found in Bradford.

The body was discovered by some boys near the bank of the creek a short distance above the B., B. & K. roundhouse. They saw a man apparently dead, lying on the ground near a clump of bushes. The man's shoes had been removed from his feet and his hat was nowhere to be seen.

Yesterday morning's Era says: "The boys saw William Francis walking along the Erie track and notified him. Francis investigated and found that the man had been dead for some time. He telephoned to the police. The officers went to the place and took note of the surroundings. They could find no evidence of a struggle. The body bore no marks of violence.

"Coroner Hall on being informed, directed that the body be taken to Sloan & Grabe's undertaking establishment and later, at that place, with Dr. Robison, he performed an autopsy. At midnight the coroner had not fully decided as to the cause of the man's death. He was inclined to the opinion, however, that exposure was the principal cause.

"Papers in the pockets of the dead man indicated that he was Eugene Glavin, whose home was on a farm in the vicinity of Smethport. A brother of the deceased, William Glavin, of that place, on being apprised of the occurrence stated that Eugene Glavin had come to Bradford on Monday, having in his possession at that time, between $70 and $80 in cash and a gold watch and chain. The money and watch were not on the corpse when it was found.

"During the night Undertaker Sasse of Smethport, accompanied by Thomas Harrington, drove over from the county seat to take the remains back to that place. Mr. Harrington called at the Era office and stated that the news of Mr. Glavin's mysterious death was a great shock to his relatives and friends. Glavin, he said, on Monday was in Smethport in his usual health. In the evening the deceased took over $70 with him to pay for clothing here in Bradford which he had ordered—or intended to order. He was a man of good habits who owned a fine farm and was well to do."

The MINER learned from Thomas Harrington this morning that Eugene Glavin visited Bradford but very seldom. He was seen on Main street, Bradford, at 11 a. m. Tuesday, the day of his death. Later two men were seen in his company in the vicinity of the spot on which was found his dead body. The body was found between five and six o'clock in the afternoon. So far as known deceased had not an enemy in the world. He had $180 in money with him when he went to Bradford Monday afternoon, to be measured for a suit of clothes.

So far the authorities have not been able to throw any light on the mysterious occurrence. The fact that the man's money and watch were missing gives a suspicious color to the circumstances which should be thoroughly investigated.

Eugene Glavin was born in Coudersport, May 1, 1864, and was therefore about 42 years old at the time of his death. He removed with his parents to Keating township, three miles northeast of Smethport, in April, 1872, to the farm where he lived until his death. Besides his mother—aged 80 years and dangerously ill, he leaves one brother, William M., of Smethport; two sisters, Mrs. Michael Ryan and Mrs. Wilber M. Quimby of Coudersport. Also numerous relatives in Smethport, Olean, N. Y.; Waterbury, Conn.; Dundes, Canada and in Ireland.

The deceased was an industrious man of good character, who was highly esteemed by a large number of friends, and they will join with the MINER in extending sympathy to the relatives upon whom the sorrow of this sudden and terrible event must fall.

Funeral services were conducted by the Rev. J. F. Dugan at 11 a. m. to-day. Interment was in St. Elizabeth's cemetery.

Death of Rachel McCarty.

Miss Rachel McCarty died at the residence of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jerry McCarty, East Main street, at 11:30 o'clock this morning, of consumption. An extended notice will be given in the next issue.

Mt. Jewett Beats Smethport.

There was great rejoicing in our neighboring mountain town last night; such rejoicing as was never felt before and will perhaps never occur again. Wednesday, May 30, 1906, will be recorded in the History of Mt. Jewett in large red letters, bordered with golden streamers of glory. And well it might, for on this day Colegrove's Colts actually won a game of ball from Smethport. Once before they had the best of a short game, but this is the first real victory for the boys from the hilltop.

A large crowd gathered to cheer the faithful home gladiators through what seemed to a large majority to be another hopeless battle. The game started, under a dark sky and against a chilling wind, at 3:30 and there was nothing doing until the last half of the second inning when a combination of errors gave the home team three runs without a hit, and that was all there was doing in the run getting line during the game. When these runs came in the Mountaineers were half happy, but their hopes had been built up so often in this way, only to be rudely shattered a little later that their real joy only became apparent after the last county seat man had been retired. It was evident that they expected a repetition of former results for every time a Smethport man got on base they would watch with bated breath and anxious faces until the side was retired. The Mt. Jewett rooters could best be compared to an anxious father awaiting the arrival of his first born and in the evening a stranger would think by looking into their faces that each was a newly made papa.

Big Bill Fuller was on the rubber for Smethport and his work reminded one of old times. His control and speed was fine and he only allowed three scattered hits, one base on balls and hit one man. Reilly, a new man, was on first and had 13 putouts to his credit without an error, and a couple of foul flys that he pulled down would have brought forth lusty applause had not the Mountaineers been so intent on winning that they could see nothing good in anything that might blast their hopes. Mt. Jewett put up an unusually good game, and Johnson who did the twirling, held the visitors down to two hits and hit two men. Each pitcher had seven strikeouts.

Mt. Jewett may well feel proud of winning such a game by a score of 3 to 0.

Death of Miss Georgia Freeman.

Miss Georgia Freeman, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Freeman, died at their home in this borough on Monday, after a brief illness from a complication of diseases. She was aged 18 years, 11 months and two days.

Miss Freeman was born near Smethport and later moved to Kushequa with her parents. About a year ago they moved back to Smethport. During her last stay in this place the deceased made many warm friends who will deeply mourn her untimely death. She was a charming young lady who possessed a sweet and loving disposition and those beautiful characteristics which made her loved and respected by all who knew her.

She is survived by her father and mother and six sisters, namely, Vera, Edna, Theo, Flossie, Helen and Etol, and many other relatives who have the sympathy of many friends in this hour of deep affliction.

The funeral services will be held at the family home on Mill street this afternoon at 2:30 o'clock, Rev. W. A. Harris officiating, and her remains are to be laid at rest in Rose Hill cemetery.

Travelers' Club Meeting.

The final meeting of the Travelers' Club for the year was held at the parlors of the Baptist church on Saturday afternoon. A mid-day luncheon, in charge of Mrs. Scott Walker, Miss Ella Young and Miss Rachel Rubin, assisted by Miss Lois Young, was served, in which chicken croquettes garnished with peas, hot rolls, escalloped potatoes, fruit salad, ice cream, cake and coffee played their part.

At the close of the feast Mrs. Forsythe, the president, after a few well chosen sentiments, called upon Mesdames Weaver, McCoy and Morrison to respond to the same.

Mrs. Harvey McQuiston followed with two beautiful vocal selections, thereby giving an artistic finish to a most pleasureable afternoon.

A short business session followed during which the program for the coming year was read by Mrs. Hogarth, of the program committee, who with her colleagues, Mesdames Weaver and Walker, had it in charge. It was enthusiastically received. The meeting then adjourned to meet the first Saturday in October.

Spring Millinery.

The most beautiful and artistic creations in spring millinery are ready for your inspection at my store. Place your order now. Style and skill combined satisfy the most exacting customer. MRS. CARRIE CLARK.

Wanted.

A cook at the County Home first of month. Inquire of Superintendent at County Home.

RERUBLICAN CONVENTION ON TUESDAY

A Harmonious Gathering of Representative Men of the County.

ASSEMBLY: McKEAN AND MERRICK

A. M. Marsh of Bradford the Winner for Jury Commissioner—An Enthusiastic Convention.

The Republican convention at the court house Tuesday brought together representative party workers from all over the county and it was a harmonious gathering of enthusiastic Republicans.

The convention was called to order by County Chairman Paton. A. W. Risden of Kane was elected to act as temporary chairman, secretaries were appointed and the convention proceeded to the business in hand.

Resolutions expressive of the party's sentiments regarding various questions were submitted and adopted.

James A. McKean of Smethport, high man in the race for the nomination of Member of Assembly, thanked the voters for their efforts in his behalf, and his straightforward remarks were received with cheers.

C. V. Merrick of Bradford, also successful in being nominated for the office of Member of Assembly, made a neat speech, thanking his friends for their generous support and commending those who opposed him for their courteous methods of procedure. He paid an eloquent tribute to Roosevelt, which pleased his hearers.

R. P. Habgood of Bradford responded to calls for a speech with a manly address that shows him to be a cheerful loser and a good Republican. He declared that his defeat for the nomination of Member of Assembly did not make him sore. He pledged his individual support and the support of his newspaper to the successful candidates. He urged upon the convention the necessity of harmony in the coming State campaign and his remarks aside from real eloquence, bore the stamp of common sense.

Attorney F. D. Gallup was next called upon for a speech. His remarks, although brief, were in a happy vein. Mr. Gallup admitted that he had aspirations toward Member of Assembly early in the year and now could see what he had missed, but as long as the nomination was in the family he was satisfied. His revelations about "Jimmie" wanting the office and the personal disclosures concerning Mr. Habgood and himself added to the cheerful spirit of the convention.

George Paton of Bradford made a few well chosen remarks, as did Hon. R. B. Stone, who was followed by Attorney E. R. Mayo, who voiced the sentiment of the convention in regard to a demand for pure politics. His remarks upon some political history were to the point, but true, as every one of his hearers would have to admit.

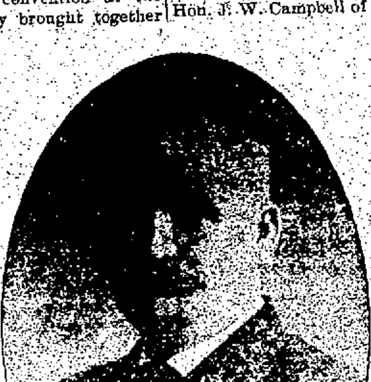
George W. Halliwell of Kane commended the party on its excellent outlook for a glorious victory in November and declared his willingness to work hard for the success of the candidates nominated Saturday.

The convention then unanimously elected Chas. W. Catlin of Port Allegany to the office of chairman of the Republican county committee for the ensuing year. Mr. Catlin accepted the position with fitting remarks. Mr. Catlin is a capable and earnest worker in the Republican ranks and no one can find fault with the convention's choice of chairman. Mr. Catlin remarked that opposing forces would probably blame the falling of the scales from the statue of justice on top of the court house, which occurred Tuesday, to the Republican convention, and added that the party would see that the scales were restored to their proper position next November.

The returns from the various voting precincts were placed in the hands of the secretaries and the result of Saturday's primaries was summed up. The MINER publishes the vote of the county for Member of Assembly and Jury Commissioner.

George Paton of Bradford, Joshua Davis of Kane and Fred D. Gallup of Smethport are Congressional conferees.

Major Andrew D. Burns of Bradford, Hon. J. W. Campbell of Kane and Samuel W. Smith of Port Allegany will represent the county as delegates at the Republican State convention.



JAMES A. McKEAN.



C. V. MERRICK.

Vote at the Republican Primaries McKean County, 1906.

DISTRICTS.	Member of Assembly: Hulgreid	McKean	Merrick	Norstrom	Orr	Jury Commissioner: Marsh	Ostrander	Curtis	Stroud	Baker
Annin township	4	12	1	20	2		4	10	2	6
Bradford Twp., 1st dist	13	28	29	19	1	25	6	5	2	1
" " 2d "	20	19	2	1	1	23		1	1	2
Bradford city, 1st W., 1st dist	31	34	45	3	2	28	3	5	6	2
" 1st 2d	31	41	15			25	9	8	2	3
" 2d 1st	70	85	129	15	6					
" 2d 2d	38	56	83	6	2	52	8	13	5	3
" 3d 1st	45	48	57	18	6	61	6	5	3	2
" 3d 2d	39	27	26	4		37	5	5	1	2
" 4th	81	104	142	17	4	127	5	16	5	11
" 5th	74	45	62		2	57	6	4	5	4
" 6th	80	48	73	8	4	63	15	8	19	4
Ceres township	1	20	27	1			5	28		1
Corydon township, 1st dist										
" " 2d										
Eldred borough	12	60	58	1	2	5	17	18	4	7
" Township	4	22	18	1	1	4	3	13	1	1
Foster Twp., 1st dist	13	3	11		3	10	2		1	
" " 2nd "	8	10	5	4					16	
Hamilton Twp., 1st dist.	75	58	2	36	12	9	13	33	2	18
" " 2nd "	7	11	8		1	9	3	1		
Hamlin Twp., 1st dist	47	165	139	5	1	163	1	13		5
" " 2nd "	9	22	2	31	2	4	9	18	10	
" " 3rd "	5	33	32	6	8	6	14	13	2	4
Kane Boro 1st Ward	46	43	16	2	54	11	16	39	3	8
" " 2nd "	35	62	21	25	92	22	22	64	5	6
" " 3rd "	31	34	35	13	65	24	30	11	4	17
" " 4th "	57	35	6	18	48	18	12	24	1	21
Keating Twp., 1st Dist	6	52	19	13	3		40	7		
" " 2nd "	12	40	10	11	18	1	1	51		
" " 3rd "	21	29	15	1	1	2	4	20	3	1
Lafayette Twp., 1st Dist	26	26	10	7		19	4	3	4	2
" " 2nd "	30	36	46	15	2	35	6	7	2	8
" " 3rd "	3	11	13	2		4	9			1
" " 4th "	2	25	23		1	8	15	1		1
Liberty Twp.	20	29	3	66	4					
Mt. Jewett Boro	58	73	22	35	15	42	26	11	2	8
Norwich Twp., 1st Dist	6	59	24	21	4	5	31	13		4
" " 2nd "		5	5							5
Otto Twp., 1st Dist	15	34	19	2	6	2	2	31		8
" " 2nd "	4	17	17		1		1	17		
Port Allegany Boro	27	58	24	135	10	3	25	47		72
Sergeant Twp., 1st Dist	4	40	8	20	2	3	7	24		2
" " 2nd "										
Smethport Boro	53	220	130	82	16	15	63	139		10
Wetmore Twp.,	20	11	4	82	35	23	11	7		7
	1183	1896	1461	626	434	952	468	758	194	275

Death of Mrs. John Barbour.

Mrs. Mary A. Barbour, wife of John Benjamin Barbour, died at her home on East Main street early Friday morning, the cause of her death being heart trouble.

Mrs. Barbour's death came very sudden and was an especially sad blow to her immediate family and relatives and to the large circle of warm friends she had gained during her residence in Smethport. She arose Friday morning apparently in her usual health and prepared the family breakfast. Then she called her son, Harry, and told him to hurry for a doctor as she felt ill. Before a physician arrived, however, she had passed peacefully away.

Mrs. Barbour was born in New Castle March 17, 1834, and resided in that city until a few years ago, when the family moved to Smethport, where several of her children were already located. A few months ago Mr. and Mrs. Barbour celebrated their golden wedding anniversary. She had been a member of the Methodist church since she was 16 years of age. Mrs. Barbour was a kind and loving mother and an estimable woman whose influence is for the betterment of the world, and the passing is sincerely mourned, not only by her husband, children and other relatives, but by every person who enjoyed the honor of her acquaintance.

The New Castle News says: "The death of Roy Barbour, who was a favorite of her's, was a terrible blow to the grandmother, and doubtless did much to hasten her death. Mrs. Barbour, who was the daughter of Jonathan Scott, one of the pioneers of this city, was a woman of beautiful life and character whose death causes sincere sorrow to many."

Her husband and the following children survive: James W. Barbour of Cleveland; Mrs. Mary E. Walker, Mrs. F. W. Camp and Harry Barbour of Smethport; J. B. Barbour, Jr., and George Barbour of New Castle. The remains were taken to New Castle where the funeral and burial occurred Sunday.

Subscribe for the MINER.

IN MEMORY OF THOSE WHO ARE AT REST

Memorial Day Impressively Obsesved in Smethport.

GRAVES OF THE HEROES DECORATED

With Beautiful Blossoms—Parade and Exercises at the Cemetery and Court House—Speech by Rev. John Lusher, of Mt. Jewett.

Under the auspices of McKean Post, No. 347, G. A. R., Memorial Day was fittingly observed in Smethport yesterday. The weather was favorable and the impressive program was carried out without a hitch.

The parade was formed on Main street at 2 o'clock and moved down Main to Mechanic to Bank to Nelson to Cemetery street and thus to Rose Hill cemetery, where the public exercises of the Post occurred. The Glee Club sang selections appropriate to the day in a harmonious manner. Rev. W. E. Van Dyke read Lincoln's Address at Gettysburg, and the beautiful sentiments of our martyred President were eloquently voiced by the reader. The exercises at the cemetery closed with the strewing of flowers over the graves of departed soldiers.

The procession returned to the court house via Cemetery to Nelson to Main streets. The ceremonies in the court room opened with a prayer by Rev. W. A. Harris, followed by a song by the Glee Club. After the usual Post services President of the Day F. D. Gallup made a short address and introduced Rev. John Lusher, Orator of the Day. Although the walls of the court room have rang with the words of many gifted speakers it is safe to say that no audience ever assembled in that room listened to a more masterly effort than that of the Rev. Mr. Lusher. His remarks were thoroughly in keeping with the spirit of the day. His praise of the living and tributes to the memory of the dead were marked with a deft delicacy of expression that added a new charm to a subject that will never grow old. His descriptions were delivered with a warm vividness that won and held the close attention and genuine admiration of his hearers. The public observance of the day closed with a benediction, pronounced by the Rev. J. H. McCandless.

Conroe Was Peevish.

Morris C. Conroe is in the lockup and William Patton is in the hospital as the result of a drunken controversy between the two men which ended Tuesday evening in a shooting affray.

Patton lives on Erie street and Conroe on lower Centre. In the vicinity of Conroe's house the shooting is said to have taken place. There had been an argument about various personal matters between the two men and Conroe, it is said, suddenly became enraged and securing a 32-calibre revolver turned it loose on his victim. The bullet entered Patton's back on the right side.

The police were notified of the shooting soon after it took place (about 6:20) and hurried to the scene of the disturbance. Conroe was placed under arrest and taken to the lockup. Patton was conveyed in an ambulance to the hospital where Dr. McCallum examined the wound. Patton did not seem to be suffering severely from the effects of his injury. No surgical attempt was made to locate the bullet.

A telephone message from the hospital early this morning stated that the patient was in as good a condition as could be expected. It was the belief of those in attendance that no vital spot had been struck by the leaden missile.

Conroe will be held in custody pending the result of Patton's injury. Patton is a teamster and a well known character.—Bradford Era.

Will They Celebrate?

Preparations were being made for a Fourth of July celebration in Port Allegany under the auspices of the Star Hose Company, but on account of the attitude taken by the Village Improvement Society in refusing the celebration committee the use of the public square, a resolution was adopted declaring the celebration off. The Reporter comments as follows:

"Some ladies seem to have aristocratic or autocratic ideas in the matter, but the square, expressed by wish and otherwise, of those now dead, not to desecrate of course but as a public place to lounge or play ball, have 'doings' and even scrap if the chief is out of sight and the Village Improvement Society has nothing to do with it except to make it the better adapted to those very extravagances, and even this is delegated to it by permit of the people. Better go on and have a celebration and consult the Village Improvement Society on July 5."

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A SOLDIER'S NAME

By EVERETT HOLBROOK

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IN our town there was a mysterious soldier asleep, with a stone cross above his head, and on the stone were some good words of Scripture and the date of the man's death. There had been a name also, and one might still see the marks of the chisel which had cut off the raised letters. A small plot was set apart for him and was always well kept. Upon Memorial day it would be plentifully bedecked with flowers.

In the years after the removal of the name from the cross the stranger was not omitted from the roll of honor, wherein he figured by his rank alone.

"Lieutenant," the venerable Pastor Congreve would say, with a glance toward the grave and after a moment's pause, "our guest, whose name unhappily we do not know."

On an afternoon in the middle of April a card was brought to me in my office in New York, and I supposed that it foreshadowed a newspaper interview, for the sender was a reporter named Henry Drummond, with whom I had a slight acquaintance. He was an agreeable young man, of a remarkably engaging appearance, and I was able to tell him honestly that I was glad to see him. His errand, as he informed me immediately, had nothing to do with "copy." He had come to avail himself of my legal advice.

"I have recently inherited a lawsuit," said he, "and I want to know what to do with it. You've heard of the muddle about the division of the Merrill estate?"

"Yes," said I. "There's a part of it in my native town. As a result of this long drawn controversy one of the finest old residences on the Maine coast has been without a tenant for more than ten years and a great piece of shore front property has had no proper care."

"Aside from your exalted talents," said he, with a smile, "that's the chief reason why I came to you. There seems to be a chance for me to take this property in Kingsford for my share of the loot and escape from the lawsuit. Shall I do it?"

It was not a question to be decided offhand, for I must first learn the value of Drummond's interest in the suit. The details of the matter are unimportant here. Suffice it to say that I was led to advise Drummond to make this settlement, and he did so. In the last week in May we went to Kingsford in connection with this business, and Drummond was a guest with me in my father's house. Thus it happened that he witnessed the rites of Memorial day in the cemetery of Kingsford and heard the roll call of our squadron of the dead.

"Isn't it very unusual," he said to me, "that there should be a nameless soldier in a burial ground so far north? Was this body sent here by mistake?"

Thereupon I told him all that I could remember of the story. The soldier had come to Kingsford on the steamer from Portland. He was found wandering the streets in a dazed condition and was taken into a house, where he lay ill and crazed with fever for some days and then died.



"DO YOU SEE THE GRAY HAIRED WOMAN OVER THERE?"

"Do you see the gray haired woman over there," I added, "under the crooked pine tree with the girl in white? It was that woman—in those days, as beautiful as her niece is now, no doubt—who found the soldier and led him to her mother's home."

"And he spoiled the romance by dying," said Drummond.

"She had her own romance," I replied. "She was engaged to one of the Merrill boys. There were two cousins, one of whom inherited the property which has now come to you by the devious ways of destiny. It was not the heir to whom Miss Stanbury was engaged; otherwise she wouldn't be so confoundedly poor today. Her fiance left her all he possessed, which was mighty little. Both the Merrill boys went to the war, both gave their lives, and both are now at rest in the plot that is shaded by the twisted pine. The woman with the gray hair was the belle of the region in those days, but she is still Miss Stanbury; so there's the romance, all right. The girl with her is her brother's daughter, an orphan. In fact, that's the whole Stanbury family over there, so far as I know."

"A beautiful girl," said Drummond. And he turned his mind again to the story of the nameless soldier, with an obvious effort as if constrained by some impulse of his nature, an inborn love of the curiosities of life.

"Couldn't the man tell who he was?" he asked.

"I believe there was some slight paralysis of the muscles of the jaw, resulting from a wound," said I. "My father could tell you. They understood him to say that he was William Pendulum, and his gravestone bore that name for many years. But nothing could be learned about him. He was never traced back beyond Portland. And ten years or more ago, when the war department records were overhauled and saved from chaos and decay, the local G. A. R. investigated the case and came to the conclusion that no such man as William Pendulum was ever in the army. So the name was erased from the stone. There's no doubt, however, that this man was a soldier, with the rank of second lieutenant. His uniform gave no clew to his regiment, however. There was no number on it; it had seen too much service, and he had not a scrap of paper in his pockets."

"Nobody ever knew why he came here, eh?" said Drummond. "Could he have got off the boat by mistake?"

"I wasn't born till some years afterward," I rejoined. "My information is all secondhand and in a very misty condition. If you're really interested I'll introduce you to Miss Stanbury, the elder"—

"Both, if you please," said Drummond, with a smile. And we strolled across to the spot where they stood, my friend muttering to himself: "Pendulum! Pendulum. Never heard of a man named Pendulum before."

In spite of Drummond's expressed desire to meet pretty Margaret Stanbury, he devoted himself to the maiden aunt while we remained in the burial ground and during our walk to the little old house where they lived. Moreover, he was enthusiastic in praise of Aunt Jane afterward.

"A fine mind and a true heart," he declared. "A thoroughly cultivated woman and not the least embittered. She could shine in the most exalted circles of society except for the very trivial matter of clothes. Is she very hard up?"

"She is indeed," I answered, "and Margaret, of course, has nothing. She has an eye on the typewriter, poor girl. But what did Aunt Jane tell you about the soldier?"

Drummond's manner instantly showed the reserve which characterizes a deep thinking man when his mind is batting among many opinions.

"She is sure about the name," said he after a pause. "It was Pendulum, sure enough. It seems that the unfortunate fellow repeated it over and over again. But Miss Stanbury says that his first name was not William. To her ear it sounded more like Willis. Willis N. Pendulum that was the way she heard it—but the doctor was strong for William and carried his point. And I always thought that Yankees were smart!"

This exclamation hardly seemed to fit the context, and I asked Drummond what he meant.

"Either there are stupid folks in Kingsford or I am misled by a wild delusion," he replied, but declined to give me any clear view of his mind.

"This matter of speaking in riddles," he told me in answer to a protest, "is a reporter's habit. We go out on stories together, and every fellow is trying to beat the others. We keep our points to ourselves, and as it is very hard to refrain from speech entirely we learn to talk without saying anything. And that reminds me that I'm thinking of going back to the trade. I haven't much of a stake except this property down here."

"That's enough to save a lazy man from work," said I. "Cut it up into sites for summer cottages, and you can sell them to the elect of Boston. This place is getting fashionable. I tell you, it's a fortune."

"I believe you, my friend," said he. "And yet I'll bet that I go back to reporting."

"You have my permission," said I, somewhat annoyed, but more perplexed.

"By the way," he remarked a moment later, "I suppose you know where Miss Stanbury found Lieutenant Pendulum? No? Well, she found him in front of her own gate."

"What of it?" said I.

"Arthur Merrill, the man to whom she was engaged, was dead at that time, but the news had not reached Kingsford. The cousin, George Merrill, knew it, however, or had known it a few days before. He, too, was dead on the day when your wandering soldier arrived here. He had died in a hospital in Pennsylvania. I got these facts from Miss Stanbury, and your father verified them."

"But what bearing have they on this case?" I asked. "Do you mean that the lieutenant was carrying a last message from Arthur Merrill to Miss Stanbury?"

"No, sir; he was not," responded Drummond promptly. "Arthur had every opportunity to send messages, and he sent them, and they arrived all right, though some weeks delayed. Our friend Pendulum had nothing to do with them."

"Did George Merrill send news of his cousin's death by this man?"

"Certainly not. George had no reason to suppose that there had been any delay. He thought Miss Stanbury knew that Arthur was dead. Your father has seen a letter that proves it, a letter written or dictated by George the day before he died."

"If George had means of writing, of course he did not need to send a messenger," said I.

"There has never been a notion in Kingsford, so your father tells me," answered Drummond, "that Pendulum's coming here had anything to do with the Merrill boys or their affairs."

"Then what the deuce are you driving at?"

But Drummond was relapsing into the trance state again and would not give me a sensible reply. When we got home he had a talk with my father and another after supper, and then he hunted me up.



I SAW A YELLOW AND STAINED PAPER.

"Come," said he, "let's have a look at my estate."

I went with him, and he led me straight to the broad portal of the great dark house. I heard the key rattle in the lock.

So we came to a room on the second floor and to a shadowy corner of it where stood a tall old clock with a carved case of blackwood.

"Whew!" said Drummond. "Let me get my breath. This is a crisis in the lives of several people, my friend. However, there's another one downstairs."

"What in blazes do you mean?" I demanded. "Another what?"

"Another clock. But this was the uncle's room."

"Uncle? You mean old Sam Merrill?"

"Yes. The man who in his last years seemed so fond of Arthur, yet left all his property to George, in a will dated five years before."

"I don't understand!"

"William Pendulum," he answered—"Willis N. Pendulum. The will is in the pendulum. And now, by heaven, it is in my hand!"

While speaking he had swung open the door of the clock case, and now he turned toward me so suddenly that we crashed together.

"Light a match," he cried. And I managed to do it.

I saw a yellow and stained paper in my friend's hand. Before the match burned out we knew the nature of the brief document. It was indeed a will, and the name signed to it was Samuel Merrill.

We did not wait for lamplight, but examined the will then and there by the aid of matches. It seemed quite regular—it was dated 1863—and it made Arthur Merrill and not George the chief heir, sole heir indeed, to the property in Kingsford.

"Arthur left all he possessed to Jane Stanbury," said Drummond. "By this will he was made owner of this estate. It therefore passed to his fiancee. It was never properly at issue in the present litigation. No interest in it belonged to any of the contestants nor could have passed to me. I have signed away my share for nothing, because this estate is legally vested in Jane Stanbury, and I shall never contest her right to it.

"And now," he added as the last match burned out, "do you begin to understand what happened? George Merrill, who was at home on furlough when his uncle died, found this will here in this room. Doubtless he knew that the earlier will had not been destroyed. Upon an impulse he hid this document in the first place that he could think of and never had the moral strength to reveal its existence until the hand of death was on him. Then he told a comrade, one who was a sufferer with him in the same hospital, no doubt. He trusted this man to keep the secret, to disclose the right will, but preserve George's name from disgrace. Why this riddle wasn't read long ago is a mystery to me."

Although this was largely conjecture, it has stood every test of subsequent investigation, and the title of Miss Stanbury to the property has been confirmed by the usual legal means. Whether this has made my friend poorer in all that counts for real value in this world I will not venture to assert. Indeed he has lost the estate only temporarily, for it will no doubt pass to Margaret Stanbury at her aunt's death, and Margaret and Drummond are to be married early next month. Some men's luck is invincible; they cannot suffer loss even by being honest.

As for the soldier beneath the stone cross, he is now designated by his rightful name. The clew furnished by his association with George Merrill and by the presumption of his having been an inmate of the same hospital close upon the date of Merrill's death sufficed for his identification after a patient search of records, and his name proved to be Albert Stevens.

Smoking the Nargile.

A Greek thus tells how the nargile is smoked by his brethren:

"Only pure tobacco is used in the nargile. It is grown expressly for the purpose in Persia. The weed there is called tumbeky. This kind of tobacco is first washed two or three times by the man who keeps the restaurant. He puts it under a faucet and squeezes the juice out. Otherwise the tobacco would be too strong. Then, when the smoke of it is drawn through the water, the tobacco having, of course, been dried first, all the nicotine is deposited in the water, and a delightful and innocuous smoke is the result."

True In Both Cases.

"There are many stars that are never seen," said the astronomer reflectively.

"Yes, and there are a lot that never ought to be seen, too," returned the theatrical manager, with some emphasis.

It was two days later before the astronomer finally got it through his head that the theatrical manager was not a plain, everyday idiot.

YEARS OF THE EARTH

THIS WORLD OF OURS COUNTS THEM BY THE MILLIONS.

Various Calculations by Which the Famous Scientists Have Endeavored to Figure Out the Age of the Planet Upon Which We Live.

The time has admittedly gone by for attempting to "reconcile the facts of nature," to use a recognized phrase, with the chronology of the Bible, which makes the age of the world rather less than 6,000 years.

Indeed, in the Egyptian rooms at the British museum the visitor can see for himself objects which go back to an authenticated period long antecedent to 4000 years B. C., and great is the wonder produced on the minds of those who first make their acquaintance.

In that same department, among the mummies, there is what is in many respects the most striking of the exhibits in the department—the body of a man who belongs to the stone age. It lies in an accurate representation of the peculiarly shaped grave in which it was found, and it has been in consequence somewhat irreverently nicknamed by the habitues of the museum "the man in the pie dish."

The particular interest in that corpse, which men, women and even children look upon without the least thought or suggestion of the fear or horror usually inseparable from death, is that it is unquestionably the oldest exhibit in the museum, and scientists have been rather struck by the fact that the authorities of the great institution in Great Russell street have not, so to say, taken the bull by the horns, boldly labeled that exhibit as dating from 50,000 B. C. Thus with one single stroke of the pen Bishop Usher's Biblical chronology is multiplied by about nine, and it may be that an even higher number would be required to satisfy the requirements of the age of that particular specimen.

How long has the earth been a planet capable of supporting not only human, but all forms of life?

In an address Lord Kelvin once delivered on the subject he gathered together the opinions of various scientific men which cannot but be of interest to every thinking being. Darwin, in his "Origin of Species," stated that, "in all probability a far longer period than 300,000,000 years has elapsed," while later on, in the same book, he wrote: "He who can read Sir Charles Lyell's grand work on the 'Principles of Geology,' which the future historian will recognize as having produced a revolution in natural science, yet does not admit how incomprehensibly vast have been the past periods of time, may at once close this volume."

Lord Kelvin himself—then Professor William Thomson—later made an attempt to calculate the length of time during which the sun has been burning at its present rate, and in that connection he wrote: "It seems on the whole most probable that the sun has not illuminated the earth for 100,000,000 years and almost certain that it has not done so for 500,000,000 years. As for the future we may say with equal certainty that the inhabitants of the earth cannot continue to enjoy the light and heat essential to their life for many million years longer unless new sources, now unknown to us, are prepared in the great storehouse of creation."

It is a remarkable evidence of the acute perception of Lord Kelvin's mind, as of the rare prevision of his intellect, that the last words—"unless new sources, now unknown to us, are prepared in the great storehouse of creation"—should have been added to that remarkable sentence.

As an example of the very extraordinary range of time given to the age of the earth, consider the following statement from Professor Jukes' "Students' Manual of Geology." He wrote: "Mr. Darwin estimates the time required for the denudation of the rocks of the weald of Kent, or the erosion of space between the ranges of chalk hills known as the north and south downs, at 300,000,000 years. It may be possible, perhaps, that the estimate is a hundred times too great, and that the real time elapsed did not exceed 3,000,000 years; but, on the other hand, it is just as likely that the time which actually elapsed since the first commencement of the erosion till it was nearly as complete as it now is was really a hundred times greater than his estimate, or 300,000,000 years."

Professor Phillips in a lecture at the University of Cambridge considered the rate of erosion between the ranges of the north and south downs to be rather one inch a year than Darwin's estimate of one inch in a hundred years, so that on mere geological grounds he reduced the time to about a hundredth. Calculating, however, the actual thickness of all the known geological strata of the earth he came to the conclusion that life on the earth's surface may probably date back to between 38,000,000 and 96,000,000 years.

Professor Sollas of Oxford, working on new principles applied to the stratified rocks, reduced this time very considerably, for he wrote, "So far as I can at present see, the lapse of time since the beginning of the Cambrian system is probably less than 17,000,000 years, even when computed on an assumption of uniformity, which to me seems contradicted by the most salient facts of geology."

What are the data, it will naturally be asked, on which calculations of this magnitude are made? Among the most important are the consideration of the underground heat which is constantly being conducted out of the earth—in other words, the cooling of the earth—the speed at which the earth rotates on its axis as well as physical properties of rocks at high temperatures.

The loss of heat by conduction was Lord Kelvin's first argument for limiting the age of the earth. He found that if the earth had been losing heat in the past "with approach to uniformity for 20,000,000 years the amount of heat lost out of the earth would have been about as much as would heat by 100 degrees centigrade a quantity of ordinary surface rock of 100 times the earth's bulk. This would be more than enough to melt a mass of surface rock equal in bulk to the whole earth. No hypothesis as to chemical action, internal fluidity effects of pressure at great depths or possible character of substances in the interior of the earth, possessing the smallest vestige of probability, can justify the supposition that the earth's upper crust has remained nearly as it is, while from the whole or from any part of the earth so great a quantity of heat has been lost."

By considering the cooling of the earth and by tracing backward the process of cooling Lord Kelvin came to a definite estimate of the greatest and least number of million years which can possibly have passed since the surface of the earth was everywhere red hot." This estimate he expressed in the following words:

"We are very hopeful as to the effects of high temperatures in altering the conductivities and specific heats and melting temperatures of rocks and as to their latent heat of fusion. We must therefore allow very wide limits in such an estimate as I have attempted to make, but I think we may with much probability say that the consolidation cannot have taken place less than 20,000,000 years ago, nor more than 40,000,000 years ago, or we should now have more underground heat than we actually have."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

BLACK ROD OF THE LORDS.

His Last Public Appearance as an Executive Officer.

Black Rod is an important and picturesque functionary of parliament. He is at once the policeman of the house of lords and the parliamentary messenger of the sovereign. He executes the warrants issued by the upper chamber for the arrest of the persons who have been adjudged guilty of a breach of its privileges or a contempt of its dignities. But in these days the curiosity of the public or its love of sensation is never piqued by the appearance of Black Rod in the role of a policeman. Indeed, it is nearly a century now since a poor, trembling wretch stood, in the custody of Black Rod, at the bar of the house of lords, charged with having outraged its awful majesty. He was a tradesman of Westminster.

One winter evening, after he had put up the shutters of his shop, he strolled across Old Palace yard to hear a debate in the house of lords. He had with him an umbrella, which he deposited in the charge of one of the doorkeepers before he entered the strangers' gallery. He never saw the article again. Another stranger, yielding to a too common weakness of frail humanity, carried it off while its rightful owner, trustful of the might of the imperial parliament to protect, at least within its own sacred precincts, the property of its subjects, was drinking in political wisdom from the lips, perhaps, of the Duke of Wellington.

The tradesman of Westminster was naturally indignant over the loss of his umbrella, but the expression of his feelings assumed a form highly subversive of the ancient privileges of parliament. He actually issued a process against the doorkeeper of the house of lords for the recovery of the value of the lost article. This was more than the house of lords could stand. One of its doorkeepers summoned to appear as a defendant in a court of law! Black Rod was dispatched to arrest the daring shopkeeper, who was brought forthwith to the bar and soundly rated by the lord chancellor on his presumption in outraging the dignities of the house of lords because of the loss of a miserable umbrella. Happily he was not consigned to the tower. He humbly apologized for his conduct, promised to take no further action against the doorkeeper and after another severe reprimand was escorted by Black Rod to Old Palace yard and there discharged. That was the last public appearance of Black Rod as the executive officer of the house of lords.—London Chronicle.

SENTENCE RHYTHM.

Idiosyncrasies of Writers and Speakers in This Respect.

All experienced writers and speakers manifest a personal peculiarity in the rhythm of their sentences. The writer indicates this by the recurrent lengths of his sentences, and the speaker by his interpretation. Most of us are unaware of the fact that we have a normal length of sentences and that we retain this length when possible. Recent investigations have disproved this fact, and the evidence is indisputable. The successive sentences admit of variations, but the average length of sentences of any ordinary author is claimed to be ascertainable from the reading of any 500 lines of his typical works.

In English prose and poetry the thought is of the most importance and the form of expression is but secondary. In chanting and in music the thought is subordinated to the form, and in these forms of expression the rhythm is much more prominent than in prose or poetry. It is aesthetically displeasing to have too much made of rhythm in reading prose and poetry, but the highest manifestations of art are present when the rhythmical form is used to express the thought. We do not like to have that which is most important subordinated to the less important, but our aesthetic natures crave rhythm, and when the best expression of thought coincides with the production of rhythm we respond at once with enthusiastic approval.—Walter Dill Scott in Talent.

Wealth In Old Roman Times.

Our wealth, as much as we boast of it, is comparatively puny as compared with the wealth of men of old. There was Mark Antony's house that was sold to Messala for over $500,000, and Scaurus' villa was burned at a loss of over $12,000,000. Otho spent over $14,000,000 in finishing one wing of a palace commenced by Nero. Nearly $36,000,000 was found in the coffers of Tiberius, and Caligula spent it all in less than a year. Paulus could make a trifling present to the mother of Brutus of a pearl worth over $30,000. So let us be modest. We are a cheap people, even the wealthiest of us.

GRAVEL CURED

(Philadelphia, Penn., Item.)

A healthier, heartier, happier man than John J. Neill, of 2437 North 8th St., Philadelphia, could not be found in a day's search. The fact that he is still alive is a constant wonder to his friends.

Several years ago he began to suffer indescribable miseries from stone in the bladder. An eminent physician in Philadelphia told him that a surgical operation was necessary. So much did he dread the result, for if unsuccessful it meant death, that he put off the evil day as long as possible. While in this frame of mind, he heard of

DR. DAVID KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY

Although disheartened, he bought a bottle of it, and within a month had experienced beneficial results, and before he had finished the third bottle, the gravel was completely dissolved and his sufferings at an end.

Mr. Neill feels that he owes a lasting debt of gratitude to Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, made at Rondout, N.Y., and for disorders of the bladder and urinary organs. He says: "It will effect a cure if one is possible."

Favorite Remedy is prescribed with unfailing success for rheumatism, dyspepsia constipation, and nerve troubles in which it has cured many that were considered beyond the aid of medicine. All druggists, $1.

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Smethport - Penn.

March 5, 1903.

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M. L. ARMSTRONG,

Main Street, Smethport, Pa

HORSESHOEING.

Having opened a general blacksmith shop in what is known as the Mullin Building, at the corner of Water and Franklin Streets, I am now prepared to attend to the business in my line in a careful and workmanlike manner.

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The glycerine employed in Dr. Pierce's medicines greatly enhances the medicinal properties which it extracts and holds in solution much better than alcohol would. It also possesses medicinal properties of its own, being a valuable demulcent, nutritive, antiseptic and antiferment. It adds greatly to the efficacy of the Black Cherrybark, Golden Seal root, Stone root and Queen's root, contained in "Golden Medical Discovery" in subduing chronic, or lingering coughs, bronchial, throat and lung affections, for all of which these agents are recommended by standard medical authorities.

In all cases where there is a wasting away of flesh, loss of appetite, with weak stomach, as in the early stages of consumption, there can be no doubt that glycerine acts as a valuable nutritive and aids the Golden Seal root, Stone root, Queen's root and Black Cherrybark in promoting digestion and building up the flesh and strength, controlling the cough and bringing about a healthy condition of the whole system. Of course, it must not be expected to work miracles. It will not cure consumption except in its earlier stages. It will cure very severe, obstinate, chronic coughs, bronchial and laryngeal troubles, and chronic sore throat with hoarseness. In acute coughs it is not so effective. It is in the lingering coughs, or those of long standing, even when accompanied by bleeding from lungs, that it has performed its most marvelous cures. Send for and read the little book of extracts, treating of the properties and uses of the several medicinal roots that enter into Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and learn *why* this medicine has such a wide range of application in the cure of diseases. It is sent *free*. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y. The "Discovery" contains no alcohol or harmful, habit-forming drug. Ingredients all printed on each bottle wrapper in plain English.

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JOHN C. HAMLIN

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, May 31, 1906.

LOCAL AND GENERAL

—Redfield is advertising Shepard's Lightning ice cream freezers to-day.

—Jonathan Colegrove is having a porch placed on the rear of his block on Main street.

—Charles Walker, a Wellsboro man, drives a fine team of oxen hitched to a rubber-tired buggy.

—There will be no meeting of the W. C. T. U. on Saturday, June 2d, on account of the high school exercises.

—Attorney Arthur M. DeVall of Coudersport has concluded to permanently locate in the far West and will make his home either in Northern California or Oregon.

—Lundberg Brothers, the new proprietors of the Mt. Jewett News, are making some noticeable improvements on that paper and are proving to be the right men in the right place.

—In a runaway accident near Emporium last Saturday a rig containing six men, five of whom were Italians, was overturned on a steep hillside and one of the Italians sustained a broken neck. He lived only a minute or two.

—Max Schoolar has a new advertisement in this issue calling attention to the fact that he is moving into the Reilly building at the corner of Main and Franklin streets, where he will be better prepared to look after the wants of his customers—old and new.

—"Jimmie" Jones waived a hearing before Squire Hopkins and in default of bail was taken to Smethport Friday morning to await the action of the grand jury. Jones is the man who was arrested on suspicion of having broken into the billiard and pool room of Mr. J. B. Lyle last Monday night. A portion of the stolen property was found in his possession.—Kane Republican.

—At the hearing of Emil Kellerman who is charged with selling adulterated cider, Prof. Charles H. Lawall, analytical chemist of the state dairy and food commission, and a member of the faculty of the Philadelphia College of Pharmacy, testified that the cider contained 23 per cent of wood alcohol or enough to kill a man if he drank a pint in twelve hours, or to cause total blindness if half that quantity were drank. Kellerman was held under $600 bail for his appearance at court at Chester.

A Great Stamp Forgery.

The most colossal stamp forgery on record entailed the successful swindling of collectors throughout Europe in 1889. One day the French papers announced that King Marie I. of Sedang, an island in the vicinity of China, was coming to Paris. As it happened, this self created monarch was an ex-officer of the French navy, and his appearance in Paris created considerable sensation. As soon as his majesty had been duly "advertised" sets of seven different postage stamps marked "Sedang" and bearing three half moons appeared, and so great was the demand for them that in less than a month they realized 1,000 francs each. Not until the king and his ministers had reaped fat fortunes in this manner was it discovered that the whole thing was a hoax and the stamps consequently worthless.

Some Slips of the Tongue.

Never use the word "liable" when you mean "likely." Do not say, for instance, that "he is liable to come in at any moment." "Liable" implies misfortune and means "exposed to," "subject to," "in danger of."

Why do most of us speak of "unraveling a mystery?" Any good dictionary shows that "ravel" means "to unweave." You "ravel" a mystery, therefore, when you solve it. In "Hamlet" Shakespeare says: "Make you to ravel all this matter out."

If you and your friend Smith know a man called Jones, do not speak to Smith of "our mutual friend"—meaning Jones. Jones is your common friend. If you are friendly to Smith and Smith is friendly to you, you and Smith are "mutual friends," but that is the only sense in which the term may be rightly used.

Deduction by Analogy.

"Mamma, I's got a stomach ache," said Nellie Bly, six years old.

"That's because you've been without lunch. It's because your stomach is empty. You would feel better if you had something in it."

That afternoon the pastor called and in the course of conversation remarked that he had been suffering all day with a very severe headache.

"That's because it is empty," said Nellie. "You'd feel much better if you had something in it."—American Spectator.

Time For Weaning.

"I trust your honor will excuse me this time," said a habitual drunkard at the police court. "It is my misfortune—I am a child of genius."

"And what is your age?" questioned the magistrate.

"Forty-two years."

"Then it is time you were weaned. You'll have to do ten days away from the bottle."

Where Christianity Began.

The hills of Bethlehem are full of caves, natural and artificial, and many of them have historic significance. There is the milk grotto, in which Joseph and Mary are said to have concealed themselves before their flight into Egypt to escape the evil designs of Herod. The snowy whiteness of the soft chalk out of which it is hewn is ascribed to the spilling of a few drops of the Virgin's milk when she nursed the infant Jesus. Another grotto is pointed out as that in which St. Jerome for more than thirty years led the life of a hermit when bitter factional dissensions had forced him to leave Rome. On a western hill a rock strewn plateau, around which stately terebinths stand guard, marks a place where the ancient Hebrews brought their sacrifices unto the Lord. It is a solemn place, well fitted to excite devout thoughts—a place where a man might well keep communion with his Maker. In its broader features Bethlehem is almost unchanged since the days of David.—Four Track News.

Vegetable Rennets.

Those who would like to make cheese on a very small scale are often troubled to get proper rennet to produce coagulation of the milk. A scientist says that if the leaves of the common butterwort are placed in a strainer and the milk fresh from the cow is poured over it the milk will soon become thick and has a most delicious flavor. The yellow bedstraw also possesses the properties of curdling milk, and the natives of Cheshire prefer it as a rennet to all other sorts. The leaves and flowers are put in the strainer, and the milk is slowly poured over them. The flower heads of the garden artichoke also possess the property of coagulating milk. In view of the carelessness sometimes noted in people who prepare rennet in the ordinary fashion this vegetable rennet is worthy of attention. The leaves, properly cleaned and prepared, would be very much safer and more hygienic than animal substances which may go through chemical changes that unfit them for food.

Old Statues.

Herodotus makes Solon tell Croesus of several men happier than he. Two brothers, Cleobis and Biton of Argos, he said, when oxen were lacking to draw their mother, the priestess of Hera, to the temple [illegible] [illegible] When the [illegible] [illegible] the temple and never waked. Herodotus says that their statues were sent to Delphi. Homolle found at Delphi two statues practically identical, of finest archaic work, made early in the sixth century B. C. Since one of them bore the signature of an Argive sculptor, Polymedes, in archaic letters, we may believe that the story of Herodotus is based on fact and that we have before us to lay the identical statues.—Chautauquan.

Hot Pipe Bites the Tongue.

"You see smoking tobacco advertised every now and again guaranteed not to bite the tongue. Dealers sell it, of course, but inwardly they smile at the idea." So spoke a tobacconist. "You see, it's this way. The fire in the pipe will bite the tongue if the tobacco burns too fast—namely, if it is a very loose long cut tobacco or a very short dry cut and not packed closely enough in the bowl. There is a point where tobacco may be too closely packed to draw and a point where it may be so loosely packed that it burns fast, and minute sparks pass through the stem and reach the smoker's mouth. These are the causes of burnt tongues."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

The Elephant's Trunk.

An elephant's trunk answers that animal as nose and hand. He also uses it for drinking, drawing up the water through his trunk and then pouring it into his mouth. The elephant has a singular habit when suffering from the heat of poking his nose down his throat into his stomach and withdrawing a quantity of water, which he then squirts over his back and sides to cool his body. As during a warm day this operation is repeated about once in every five minutes riding an elephant in the sun is no pleasant undertaking.

Agreed With Her.

After an all night session with the boys a husband wended his way home, arriving there at about 5 a. m. He found his wife waiting for him in the dining room, the confusion of furniture indicating that she had been having an unhappy time.

"This is a nice time for you to be coming home," snapped the wife.

"Yes," admitted the erring husband. "It's a lovely morning."

"I haven't slept a wink this blessed night," with a severe look.

"Neither have I," said the husband.

Upside Down.

"So you don't believe in college education?"

"No, sir. After graduation I nearly starved to death practicing law."

"But you look prosperous now."

"Yes, sir. I went into vaudeville and made a fortune balancing a barrel on my feet while standing on my head."—Detroit Free Press.

Young Linguists.

"It's a queer thing about children—babies," said the proud father. "If I say 'cat' to my boy, the nearest he can get to repeating it is 'tat,' but if I make up a word like 'bobbjoobie' that youngster can speak it more fluently than I can."—Pearson's Weekly.

Skin Deep.

The first known, if not the original use of the phrase, "Beauty is only skin deep," occurs in Ralph Venning's "Orthodoxe Paradoxes." "All the beauty of the world is, but skin deep; a sunne blast defaceth it."

Always Awake.

Bacon—They say a person will die for want of sleep in ten days. Egbert—It's miraculous what keeps that baby of mine alive.

He Had Already "Et."

"I know a western Kansas town where the rules of etiquette are purely upon a logical basis," said a man from the short grass country the other day. "The daughter of the hotel keeper at whose hostelry I was living was to be married. I received an invitation. At about 11 o'clock in the evening the wedding supper was spread. An old lady came down the table side, passing the viands to the guests. When she reached my plate she skipped me and began again with the next man. The old lady had seen me eating my supper as usual at 6 o'clock.

"'You've et,' she said as she gave me the go by. Things began to look dubious for me. Then an old man came along with more food. He also had seen me eating at the usual evening hour. He shied around me with a look of surprise that I should be at the feed rack again and said, 'Why, you've et.'

"Everybody had been 'saving up' for the occasion so that they might eat like heroes at that wedding feast. The fact that I had not been missing any meals nearly ostracized me in that happy gathering."—Kansas City Times.

The Fate of Cities.

Some ancient cities have disappeared. The archaeologist digs through the sands of the desert, the accumulations of vegetable mold and the debris of human habitation in a search for the palaces of great kings, the markets of wealthy traders and the homes of a once numerous people. The massacres of ancient warfare may explain some of these dead and buried cities. The inability of people in early history to deal with the sanitary problems of a congested population may have been a contributing cause to their destruction. Cities may have died because their people could not live. But in most cases a change in the routes of commerce will be found to have diverted the stream of nourishment from a city and left it to die of starvation. Yet the Eternal City and Athens, Byzantium, Jerusalem, Antioch and Damascus illustrate the tenacity of municipal vitality, even though a long succession of centuries brings great changes in the methods and subjects and courses of traffic.—Philadelphia Record.

Herbert Spencer.

A queer instance of the working of Herbert Spencer's mind is mentioned by the two sisters in whose household he lived. He came to the table one day absorbed in thinking about some photographs of the nebulae he had just received.

As he rose from his chair he stood for a minute gazing with gleaming eyes into the distance and then muttered in a disjointed fashion, as if half to himself, words to this effect: 'Thirty millions of suns, each probably having its own system and supposing them each to be the size of a pin's head they are fifty miles apart! What does it all mean?' And then, without a pause and only a change of voice, 'The fluff still comes out of that cushion, you know,' as with a wave of his small, thin hand toward it he passed rapidly out of the room, leaving us both bewildered by the quickness with which his mind worked."

A Heavy Sample.

Sometimes the rigors of patent office procedure are not without their humorous side. A New York attorney filed an application for improvements in a centrifugal pump. The patent office declared the invention inoperative and demanded a working model. The patent office was requested to send an examiner to Trenton to inspect the machine in actual operation. This the patent office refused to do. The attorney, therefore, politely sent a seven ton pump to the patent office—sent it, moreover, from Trenton to satisfy a skeptical examiner. Twenty-one men were required to get it into the examiner's office.—Scientific American.

Titles In Germany.

The question of title is one of the most delicate in Germany, a fact of which the stranger is constantly reminded in intercourse with the people, particularly with the women. Frau Professor, Frau Director, Frau Doctor, are most particular about their husband's titles being attached to their own names, but when it comes to military circles it is different, and both men and women protest vigorously against this sharing of titles. Lieutenant von B. objects to having his wife addressed as Frau Lieutenant, which title belongs as well to the wife of Lieutenant Schmidt or Haff of a less aristocratic regiment.

The Most Curious Known Animal.

The most peculiar and remarkable animal in the world is the Ornithorynchus paradoxus, the famed egg laying mammal of Australia. It is shaped like an otter, has fur like a beaver, is web footed like a swan, has a bill like a duck and a tail like that of a fox. It is the only known fur covered creature that lays eggs. A corresponding oddity among feathered bipeds would be a bird that brought forth its young alive.

Same Thing.

"Rimer takes himself very seriously, doesn't he?"

"Yes, indeed."

"Most of his poetry is pathetic, isn't it?"

"That's what he calls it, but the editors say it's pitiful."—Boston Advertiser.

The Real Simon Pure.

"The real simon pure" is one of those phrases which every one understands and not one in a hundred could account for. Simon Pure was a Pennsylvania Quaker in Mrs. Centlivre's "A Bold Stroke For a Wife," produced at Drury Lane theater, London, in February, 1718. One Colonel Feignwell passes himself off as Simon and wins the heart of a Bristol heiress, Miss Lovely, after which the real Simon Pure turns up.

The Weather Prophet.

"How are you coming on with your new system of weather prediction?"

"Well," answered the prophet cheerily, "I can always get the kind of weather all right, but I haven't quite succeeded in hitting the dates exactly."

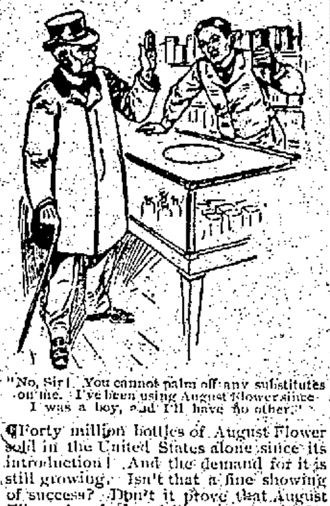
Butterfly Farms.

Most people when they look at a magnificent cabinet of butterflies, gleaming and glowing with a hundred iridescent hues, think that each butterfly was caught by hand—caught after a chase of a mile or two under a net or a hat. As a matter of fact, butterflies are raised on little farms, like chickens. There is such a steady butterfly demand that it pays men to raise them. These men, experts in the employ of museums, as a rule, know larvae as a chicken farmer knows eggs, and they have no difficulty in selling at a good profit all the butterflies they grow. The stock room of a butterfly farmer is a rare and beautiful sight. It is a room of glass filled with sunshine, and in the brilliant light hundreds of the loveliest butterflies flutter and float. In the profound silence their colors seem to sing, so bright are they, so splendid.—Minneapolis Journal.

Despotism of Jewels.

Coquetry and the fashion of unstable forms cannot explain the despotic attraction that precious stones exercise over our senses. Their fascinating power has never ceased. They subjugate and enslave even the most austere, and man esteems as priceless the charm of their yoke. Art strives to discover original reductions, to create virgin enthusiasms, to enrich with new tremors the subtle gamut of our sensations, but without being able to detach us from these necklaces, bracelets and jewels.—Paris Eclair.

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS



"No, Sir! You cannot palm off any substitutes on me. I've been using August Flower since I was a boy, and I'll have no other."

¶Forty million bottles of August Flower sold in the United States alone since its introduction! And the demand for it is still growing. Isn't that a fine showing of success? Don't it prove that August Flower has had unfailing success in the cure of indigestion and dyspepsia—the worst enemies of health and happiness? ¶Does it not afford the best evidence that August Flower is a sure specific for all stomach and intestinal disorders?—that it is the best of all liver regulators? ¶August Flower has a matchless record of over 35 years in curing the ailing millions of these distressing complaints. ¶Two sizes, 25c and 75c. All druggists.

For sale by H. O. Wells.

Explanations



are often highly unsatisfactory. Ask a tinker why he charged "usual" prices for a botch job of plumbing and he is dumb. Discharge the tinker and hire us. Our

Plumbing Work

is high grade, stands closest inspection and is as cheap as others. Material used, like our work is A1. Get us for spring plumbing and have it done right.

EDGAR W. STRONG,

BOTH PHONES. RUBIN BLOCK. Smethport.

L. K. Hogarth

PURE DRUGS AND MEDICINES.

Pure Drugs and Medicines

L. K. Hogarth,

Leading Druggist.

Opp. Court House, SMETHPORT.

It Will Cost Only One Cent,

to buy a postal card and send to the New York Tribune Farmer, New York City, for a free specimen copy.

The New York Tribune Farmer is a National Illustrated Agricultural Weekly for farmers and their families and every issue contains matter instructive and entertaining to every member of the family. The price is $1 per year, but if you like it you can secure it with your own favorite local newspaper, THE MINER, Smethport, at a bargain. Both papers one year only $1.50.

Send your order and money to

THE McKEAN COUNTY MINER, Smethport.

STOP! READ! and REFLECT

And then go to

BROWNELL BROTHERS

Where you will find a carefully and well selected stock of

DRY GOODS, NOTIONS

FURNISHING GOODS,

HATS, CAPS. BOOTS and SHOES

AND A CHOICE LINE OF THE

FINEST GROCERIES

TO BE FOUND IN TOWN AT

ROCK-BOTTOM PRICES

JUST A WORD

—WE CARRY—

FURNITURE AND CARPETS

In a large assortment and can please all customers.

SPECHT & SASSE, Smethport, Pa.

Brasted's

CANDIES ARE DELICIOUS. TRY THEM. TRY US FOR BAKED PIES, CAKES, COOKIES, BREAD, ETC. WE KEEP A COMPLETE LINE OF GROCERIES.

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

TERMS:—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $100 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Reading notices, five cents per line for each insertion.

Legal advertisements, five cents per line for each insertion.

Cards, not exceeding one inch, $5.00 per annum.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $5.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, May 31, 1906.

HENRIK IBSEN, the famous Norwegian poet and dramatist, is dead. He was 78 years old.

THE railroad investigation now being held is developing some startling facts in regard to rebates and other courtesies shown favorite shippers.

"THERE is no fire and brimstone hell," declared *Bishop Oldham* of the Methodist Episcopal diocese of southern Asia, who is attending a missionary meeting in Denver. "To be sure there is no hell," exclaimed the Rev. Dr. Leonard of New York. This is welcome news to many printers.

THE divine Sarah is now in Kansas. One day last week the special train on which she was traveling was wrecked on account of a broken truck and Sarah, who was bathing at the time, was rudely shaken up. She hastily donned an assortment of garments and proceeded to tell the train crew what she thought of them. It was a picturesque performance, according to newspaper reports.

THE nomination of Berry for governor by the Prohibitionists means that the latter desire to fuse with the Democracy. And yet the Prohibitionists have a never-ending grievance against the Democratic party because, like the Republican party, it believes in "personal liberty," and many other things contrary to Prohibition principles. Political fusion makes strange bed fellows.—Bradford Era.

BECAUSE her husband would appear with bare feet before her lady friends, Mrs. Anim Loreng of Cincinnati, O., has filed suit for divorce. She alleges that when ladies called upon her or when she was entertaining them at afternoon tea her husband, William, would invariably appear and seat himself before them with bare feet, wriggling his toes, because he knew it would humiliate her. The complaint is cruelty.

THE ticket nominated at the Republican primaries last Saturday and ratified at the convention held in the court house on Tuesday is a good one and one that will win by a large majority this fall. The magnificent vote of James A. McKean and the substantial plurality of C. V. Merrick shows that these gentlemen are clearly the choice of the people and there is no doubt of their being elected in November by a much larger plurality. A. M. Marsh, the successful candidate for jury commissioner, is a man of ability and sound judgment who will be popular at the polls.

ACCORDING to the Philadelphia Press, John Mitchell, President of the Mine Workers Union, contemplates tendering his resignation to that body at the beginning of the next year. Although the miner president has steadfastly refused to confirm reports of his resignation, it was learned from good authority that Mr. Mitchell's determination to relinquish his present arduous duties was stimulated by the appeals of Mrs. Mitchell and his children. The opinion of men close to Mr. Mitchell is that President Roosevelt will give him a government position. The President's high regard for the miner president has been marked for a number of years.

Washington Letter.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 26, 1906.

Senator Dolliver, just after the rate bill passed the Senate, had his attention called to an important feature of the rate situation that seemed somehow to have gotten by the august body completely. That was the chapter of the Garfield report on oil transportation, dealing with the discrimination of the railroads in favor of the Standard through open tariffs legally printed and posted with the Interstate Commerce Commission where anyone who asked could see them but where as a matter of fact no one ever did see them. It was just a simple little device but very effective. It consisted in taking oil out of the classified list of articles carried by the railroads at a certain rate and making on it a "commodity rate" as is done with many other classes of freight. Now the object of a "commodity rate" is to put all shippers within a certain district on an equal footing in reaching the main market. It is often done with different sorts of agricultural produce and serves to even up the geographical disadvantage under which some sections would lie as against competitors selling in the same market.

But the commodity rate on oil was made to serve a very useful purpose. The districts where the rate was located were arranged solely with reference to the Standard Oil refineries. A commodity rate would be made for them that would carry their oil into the most desirable markets and take it from 100 to 300 miles further at the same expense than if it had come from an independent factory. At the same time the commodity rate was so arranged as to take the Standard Oil products into the best markets at a low cost while the independent refiners were never so situated as to be able to call any market their own if it lay outside of wagon distance from their front doors.

Interesting tables were compiled to show that this juggling of rates worked out to the advantage of the Standard from 5 to 20 cents on every 100 pounds of oil sent over the railroads, varying of course with the distance it was transported. Now the reason that this matter was not brought out more clearly at first was that it was tucked away in the back of the report and but lightly alluded to either in Mr. Garfield's letter of transmittal or in the President's message to Congress. But now that the matter has been brought clearly to the attention of the Senate, Mr. Dolliver promises to see to it that there is no loophole left in the law by which such discrimination can be practised in the future.

A very bad state of affairs has been disclosed recently in the Patent Office, and it is a matter that probably will be taken up by the Keep Commission during their present investigation of the whole Interior Department. It seems that the Patent Office is as much as eight months behind in some of the examining divisions, and this means that when a patent is submitted, it is eight months before the examiner even takes it up to look at it and sometimes a year or two years before a decision is finally reached and a patent issued. This is an imposition on the public which supports the office. The Patent Office is not a beneficent institution of the government. It is beneficent, but it does not give patents away for nothing. It pays all of its expenses and a handsome revenue besides. The force of patent examiners has recently been increased by 100. But the Commissioner of Patents has not been able to get them to work, and the result is that the business of the office is lamentably behindhand with little prospect of catching up except after a thorough reorganization.

There is no question but that the Senate is going to have a beautiful fight on its hands over the type of canal that is to be built at Panama. The majority report, which is expected next Tuesday, will call for a sea level canal; but there will be a strong minority report in favor of a lock canal and with the President and the House both polling that way, there is a lively contest in prospect. Congress wants to get away, and for that reason it is possible if the fight is much prolonged, the matter may be allowed to go over for the session. The advocates of a sea level canal say that the matter could be held in abeyance for two years, and if the sea level type were decided on at the end of that time, it could be put through without additional expense except for more digging. This, however, is not so. Such a delay would cause an immense change in plans and would make much of the present work go for naught. The President has said that if Congress adjourns without action, he will go ahead under the Spooner Act and construct a lock canal. But if Congress after all decides on a sea level canal, it will mean a great deal of additional expense.

One of the most interesting and interested visitors that Washington has seen for some time is the Gekwar of Baroda, an Indian prince who, under British suzerainty, rules over a population of something like 9,000,000 and has an annual income of more than $7,000,000. He has in addition an immense fortune that brings him in nothing. It is the largest collection of jewels in the world valued at $10,000,000. But when one comes to valuations of that sort on jewels, it is mostly guess work, because some of the gems could not be duplicated and are thus priceless. He is a stocky, unassuming, brown skinned little man, talks English perfectly at the rate of about 250 words a minute, and has already made arrangements with the Fish Commission to take back with him to Baroda an expert who shall report on the fisheries of the principality and show the Barodians how to grow fish. He promises also to send a number of his brightest young man to this country next year to study at several of the American Agricultural Colleges and get ideas on modern methods of farming.

Subscribe for the MINER.

I. ODESSER,

EAST SMETHPORT.

Best Prices Paid for all kinds of

JUNK

RAGS BONES
RUBBERS and
IRON ROPE
METAL.

Just received a new line of

CROCKERY
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All kinds of TINWARE.

BELL 'PHONE.

MAX SCHOOLAR.

I have moved my entire stock of Clothing, Men's, Ladies and Children's Shoes, Men's and Ladies Furnishing Goods, hats and Caps, Trunks, Traveling Bags and Suit Cases into the Reilly block, opp. Commercial House. I will be ready for business the ninth day of June. Please call and look over my stock. It is all up-to-date, and I will give to everyone who will call the greatest bargains that were ever in the history of McKean Co.

MAX SCHOOLAR, Smethport, Pa.

SEE THE GROWTH OF THE

People's Mutual Life Insurance Association and League.

NUMBER WRITTEN TO		GROSS ASSETS
January 1, 1904	650	$ 4,188.24
January 1, 1905	9,458	11,608.70
April 1, 1905	13,217	49,253.68
July 1, 1905	17,494	87,399.99
August 1, 1905	19,013	100,307.66
September 1, 1905	20,580	118,546.91
October 1, 1905	21,980	138,660.15
November 1, 1905	23,561	158,273.80
December 1, 1905	25,428	182,853.90
January 1, 1906	27,255	222,918.83

Claims Paid to Date, $36,343.00.

IT PAYS at the end of each Five Years from $125 to $1,000.
IT PAYS from $5 to $20 per week to Disabled Members.
IT PAYS at Death from $100 to $800, no matter how soon it occurs.
IT PAYS for loss of an eye, arm or leg, from $50 to $400.
IT PAYS for the loss of two members twice the above amount.
IT PAYS you if you live; it pays you if you are sick.
IT PAYS you if you are hurt; it pays the beneficiary if you die.

OUR PLAN:

THE ASSOCIATION ISSUES FOUR CERTIFICATES, NAMELY:

	COST PER MONTH.	WEEKLY BENEFIT	PAYMENT AT DEATH	DOUBLE ACCIDENT	SINGLE ACCIDENT	DIVIDEND END 5 YRS.
No. 1	$1.00	$ 5.00	$100.00	$100.00	$ 50.00	$125.00
No. 2	2.00	10.00	200.00	200.00	100.00	250.00
No. 3	3.00	15.00	300.00	300.00	150.00	375.00
No. 4	4.00	20.00	400.00	400.00	200.00	500.00

People's Mutual Life Insurance Association and League.
Syracuse, N. Y.

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—HEADQUARTERS FOR—

Globe-Wernicke Book Case
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COFFEE

Gilt Edge, Castle and Palmer House, 35c
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Penns Cafe, Sensation and Canister, 30c
Black Coffee 10,20,22,&35 cents
We Can Please You. Give Us a Trial.

A. E. FOSTER & CO

Westbrook Commercial Academy

A PROGRESSIVE, RELIABLE SCHOOL.

ITS TWENTY-FIFTH YEAR will open in September. Prospective students should arrange in advance for the attendance is limited. Special combined course scholarships issued thro June and July. Send for catalogue and list of graduates who have secured positions within the past year. E. D. Westbrook, Principal, Olean, N. Y.

Hamlin Bank & Trust Co.

SMETHPORT. PENNA.

CAPITAL - - $200,000.00
SURPLUS AND UNDIVIDED PROFITS - $80,000.00

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to act as Executor, Trustee, Administrator, Guardian, Assignee, Receiver and in all fiduciary capacities, both under court and personal appointment.

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Interest Paid on Time Deposits. Business and Personal Accounts respectfully solicited

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Modern, scientific and up-to-date.
Painless extraction of teeth. Over 25 years' experience.
Satisfaction guaranteed.

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Blankets and Robes.

The season for Blankets an Robes is here and at th store you can always find

Just What You Want.

all line of Trunks, Telescopes, Suit Cas. Traveling Bags, etc., at popular prices. Harness—All the latest styles in single & double, light and heavy harness.

Chas. Lemmler,
Smethport, Pa.

FOR

Men
Women
Children.

SHOES THAT FIT AND WEAR FOR THE SAME PRICE AT

RUBIN'S SHOE STORE.

10 & 15c **Ladies Home Journal Patterns** 10 & 15c

Free June style book ready for distribution. Summer edition of Ladies Home Journal Style Books now for sale at 25c.

SPECIAL LINE

New Dress Ginghams at 10c per yard.
Thin, sheer white goods, just the thing for Shirt Waists.
Ladies white shirt waists, $1.00 each.
Ladies white muslin skirts, $1.00 each.
Men's, women's and children's underwear.
Men's and boys' straw hats and caps.

D. C. YOUNG

SMETHPORT, PA.

May 29, 1906.

Everything New, Stylish Up-to-Date in Merchant Tailoring,

G. W. SHILLENN

THE LEADING TAILOR.

IF YOU LOOKING FOR

GOOD GOODS and HONEST DEALINGS

Don't forget to call on us for GROCERIES and PROVISIONS. Don't forget to get a sack of our SEARCHLIGHT FLOUR.

Try some of Heinz's DILL PICKLES and a bottle of CATSUP and many other things too numerous to mention.

Also agents for LIPTON'S CELEBRATED TEAS and COFFEES. Also fresh BALTIMORE OYSTERS arriving daily. Finest in town.

Hagberg & Sherburne.

IF YOU WANT THE BEST

DRUGS AND MEDICINES

WE CAN SUPPLY THEM

PRESCRIPTIONS CAREFULLY AND ACCURATELY PROPOUNDED

MANY NEW NOVELTIES, Etc.

H. C. WELLS

The Lindholm Co.

A Week of Specials.

ONLY ONE WEEK.

We place on sale a limited number of LITTLE GENTS RUSSIAN SUITS for one week only. These suits were purchased by our buyer while in New York and at a price it's like giving them away.

They were made to market at $2.50, $3.00, $4.00 and $5.00. Our price while they last will be

$1.75 $2.00 $2.25 $2.50

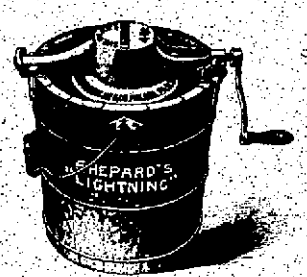
Boys Caps too, a complete assortment at

25c 35c 50c

THESE ARE BARGAINS AND FOR A WEEK ONLY

The Lindholm Co.

THE BEST ICE CREAM FREEZER.



Shepard's Lightning is the best freezer in practical use, because convenient, compact in size, use smallest amount of ice and salt, runs easily, freezes quickly, produces smoothly frozen creams with little bother and less work.

They last longer because pails are of cedar with electric welded hoops. The cans are made of heavy tin plate with drawn steel bottoms. The automatic tin scrapers insure quick results. Don't be talked into buying any other freezer. There is none so good.

Shepard's Lightning Ice Cream Freezer, 4 quart $2.50

WHEN YOU THINK OF HARDWARE THINK OF

REDFIELD.

Hamilton Block Smethport, Pa.

McKean County Miner.

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, May 31, 1906.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Criminal court next week.

—School closes next Monday.

—I. Oliesser, the East Smethport junk man, has an ad to-day.

—Read the specials D. C. Young advertises on another page.

—Clam chowder supper and dance at the hose house next Wednesday evening.

—D. M. Brasted has purchased the touring car formerly owned by John Forrest.

—The Lindholm Company are quoting some good bargains in their advertisement this week.

—A new cement walk has been laid in front of A. B. Armstrong's dwelling house on Water street.

—Remember Prof. MacGowan's lecture on "Yellowstone Park" at the Baptist church Saturday evening.

—Preaching at the Baptist church by the pastor, Rev. T. D. Ware, Sunday morning at 10:45, Junior at 3 p. m. and Christian Endeavor at 7 p. m.

—Children's day exercises at the Methodist Episcopal church will be held Sunday evening, June 10th, instead of June 3d, as previously announced.

—D. C. Young is the owner of a new Winton automobile. Mr. and Mrs. Young and daughter, Miss Lois, made the trip from Buffalo in the new machine.

—George Freeman, formerly of Coleville, died at the County Home Tuesday after a prolonged illness. He was aged about 45 years and was quite well known in this section.

—The Young Ladies Missionary Society of the M. E. church will meet with Mrs. Wm. Andorfer on Tuesday, June 5th, at 3 p. m., instead of Friday, June 1st, as before announced.

—At St. Luke's church on Whitsun-Day, June 3d, there will be celebrations of the Holy Eucharist at 8 and 10:30 a. m. At the evening service at 8 o'clock the choirs will be united.

—Warning is given to all persons that loitering about or trespassing on the school grounds is forbidden, that offenders will be prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law. "A word to the wise is sufficient."

—Mr. Lewis Kenyon, a well-known young glass worker, and Miss Frances McClure, a popular and talented young lady, were married this afternoon by the Rev. W. A. Harris, at the home of the bride's mother, Mrs. Alice McClure of Cemetery street.

—The party given at the hose house last Thursday evening by Mrs Katherine Hungiville for the members of the "Little Tycoon" company was a decided success in every way.

—The Mt. Jewett base ball team opened the season at home Saturday, defeating the Kane Independent team by the score of 8 to 3. Claude Denning, formerly of Smethport, was in the box for Mt. Jewett.

—At the Methodist Episcopal church on Sunday morning the Rev. W. A. Harris will preach and in the evening there will be no preaching service on account of the baccalaureate service in the Baptist church.

—Appropriate memorial services were held at the Baptist church on Sunday afternoon. The pastor, Rev. T. D. Ware, preached a powerful sermon before McKean Post, No. 347, G. A. R., and a large congregation. Excellent music was rendered by the glee club under the direction of Dr. H. L. McCoy.

—A merry party of girls and boys, numbering about twenty-four, drove to the home of Miss Alice Gorman on the Marvin creek road, Thursday evening, and tendered that young lady a surprise party that was the genuine article. A happy evening was passed in playing games and delicious refreshments were served.

—Prof. W. L. MacGowan of Warren will deliver a lecture on "Yellowstone Park" at the Baptist church next Saturday evening under the auspices of the L. O. T. M. of this place. Prof. MacGowan has many warm friends and admirers in Smethport who remember him as principal of the Smethport schools a number of years ago and all will be glad to greet him once again.

—Irma, the five-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Cleveland, fell from a tricycle on Water street about seven o'clock last Friday evening, receiving a double fracture of an arm. The little one was removed to the home of her parents over J. C. Hamlin's store on Main street, where Dr. John Clark reduced the fracture and made the sufferer as comfortable as possible.

—Last Friday, May 25th, was the fiftieth wedding anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. John Bush and it was celebrated by their usual busy life on the farm and in the house. Mrs. Bush baked some very nice bread for the occasion and it will be gratifying to her many friends to know that she is able to do this kind of work, as a few months ago her friends thought that her working days had come to an end.

—Hal. McCarty, the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank McCarty of East street was operated upon by Dr. Kane of Kane assisted by Dr. Burg Chadwick of this place, for hernia and appendicitis. The operation was successful and the young man is resting comfortably.

—The Bradford Star contained a notice Monday evening to the effect that "a small gentleman's gold watch" had been found and that the loser must prove ownership in order to recover property. See the trouble in store for the man who lost it if he happens to be a big fellow. The writer is reminded of a notice that was given to the MINER not long ago which announced that "a nearly new baby's go-cart" was for sale cheap.

—News has been received from reliable authority that A. D. Doyle, formerly of Smethport, for the past several years a resident of Independence, Kan., some time ago joined the ranks of benedicts and is now the happy father of twins. One would have to use the census reports of this vicinity to enumerate the friends of Gus, and they all anxiously await his personal confirmation of this delightful but somewhat startling report.

—A clam chowder supper will be given by the young men of St. Elizabeth's church at the hose house next Wednesday evening, commencing at 5:30 o'clock. P. S. Curran will have charge of the supper and will be ably assisted by a coterie of young men who will look after the wants of all. The price for the supper is 25c. Following the supper there will be a 10c dance, for which good music has been secured. A good time may be expected.

—Next week's term of criminal court will be a busy one. It is expected that the trials of the four Italians arrested for the murder of a countryman at Coryville will take place. Bradford also furnishes an Italian killing. Aside from these cases there are several others of considerable importance and a batch of minor offenses will receive attention. An extra week has been added to the term and it is probable that the entire two weeks will be needed to complete the business.

In a most exciting contest the Ridgway High School baseball team met defeat at the hands of the school boys of this borough at Kane field yesterday afternoon by the score of 3 to 2. Both teams were in good condition and put up a good exhibition of the national game. McClure, the gamey little shortstop for the local team, put up a star game both in the field and at the bat. Perry, a new one, covered right field for the local team in a faultless manner and the entire team played like veterans of the game.

—What is declared to be the biggest trout ever seen in Pennsylvania waters was taken out of Spring creek, near Bellefonte, in Centre county, last Tuesday. It was not caught in any ordinary way, having been killed by the dumping of slag into the creek from the cinder tip of the Valentine furnace, about a quarter of a mile outside of town. A workman waded out and got the big fish. The trout was thirty-seven inches long and weighed seven and a half pounds. It was sent to a taxidermist at State College where it will be mounted and placed in the museum.

—The Smethport high school team and the Ridgway high school team played nearly 12 innings in the rain at Kane Field last Saturday afternoon. The local team had a cinch on the game up to the eighth inning, when a few timely hits and some remarkably dumb fielding allowed the visitors to score several times. At the conclusion of the ninth inning the score was a tie, 8-8, and remained so until the twelfth inning when Ridgway scored seven runs. The rain was increasing in wetness when Smethport went to bat to overcome the lead of seven runs and one run was scored, two men were on bases and no one was out when Umpire Tull was compelled to call the game on account of the rain. Thus the score reverted to the end of the eleventh inning and was a tie, 8-8.

Shawmut to Spend $2,100,000.

Frank Sullivan Smith, receiver for the Shawmut Line, was on Saturday granted permission by Justice Keneflck of Buffalo to borrow $1,100,000 on receiver's certificates for the purpose of completing connecting links of the Shawmut Line, reducing grades and improving the mining properties. The Boston parties who have been fighting Mr. Smith's plans opposed the matter before Justice Kenefick but it was no go. Among the witnesses who testified that it was necessary to spend large sums of money before the Shawmut Line could be placed on a paying basis was William Barclay Parsons of New York, the famous subway engineer who has gone over the property a number of times during the past six years and has acted as consulting engineer.

The greater part of the money appropriated will be spent down in Pennsylvania, though it is possible that some of it may be used at two or three points in Allegany county and to extend the line north toward Lake Ontario.

Since he was appointed receiver Mr. Smith has spent $150,000 in making permanent improvements on the roadbed and it is believed that with the new appropriation the line can be put on a paying basis, though the estimates of the engineers called for nearly three times that sum. It is likely that when the present appropriation is spent there will be such a marked increase in earnings and improvement in the physical condition of the property that if more money is needed the permission to borrow it on receiver's certificates will be readily granted by the court.

The United States Court at Pittsburg has granted Receiver Smith the right to issue $1,000,000 in receiver's certificates in the State of Pennsylvania. This brings a total of $2,100,000 available for the new construction and betterments.
—Bolivar Breeze.

Personal Mention.

E. R. Mayo, Esq., is in Philadelphia on business.

B. J. Cummins had business in Bradford yesterday.

Mrs. C. Herzog was a visitor in Colegrove Tuesday.

Miss Mary Hafner spent Sunday with relatives in Bradford.

A. M. Thamm and son, John, of Bradford passed Memorial Day in town.

Miss Bertha Jackson of Mt. Jewett visited friends in town Wednesday.

F. M. Shattuck of Olean was a caller at this office while in town yesterday.

Attorney John E. Mullin of Kane was transacting business in town Saturday.

Mrs. Edna Warren returned Tuesday evening from a few days' visit in Buffalo.

E. S. Carpenter of Larabee was a pleasant caller at this office Monday morning.

Bevier Eckert arrived home from the University of Pennsylvania Monday for the summer vacation.

Mrs. Olin Goodsell of Salamanca was a guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Comes, this week.

Messrs. O. J. Hamlin, C. C. Choate, T. H. Pancoast and Louis Marks returned last night from Buffalo.

Miss Effie Hinman of Hazelhurst was a visitor at the home of her mother, Mrs. A. E. Hinman, on Sunday.

Mrs. W. P. Clothier has returned to her home in Buffalo after a few days' visit to her mother, Mrs. J. W. Brennan.

Miss Edith McGuire has returned to her home in this place from Chevey Chase, Maryland, where she has been attending school.

Commencement Week.

Class Day will be observed Saturday, June 2d, in the lower halls of the school. The exercises will begin at 3 o'clock and will be of unusual interest. The annual sermon will be preached in the Baptist church Sunday evening, June 3d, by the pastor, Rev. T. D. Ware. Commencement exercises will be held Monday evening, June 4, in the Lyceum beginning at 8:15. The program:

Carnival Overture-Schreppigel, Chadwick's orchestra.

Invocation, Rev. W. A. Harris.

"Fairy Moonlight," arranged from the German, Male Chorus.

Address, "Grit, Grit and Gumption," Dr. Elmer Ellsworth Higley.

Vocal Solo, "Love, the Peddler," Mrs. Agnes McQuistion.

Presentation of diplomas, D. C. Young, president of board.

"Proudly as the Eagle," Spohr, Male Chorus.

Benediction, Rev. W. E. Van Dyke.

Chase's March, Chadwick's orchestra.

As usual all the exercises are free and the patrons of the public schools are cordially invited to attend.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport for the week ending May 26, 1906:

Miss Agnes Johnson, John McCarty, Mike Raferty.

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP,
Postmaster.

Notice.

My wife, Ollie, having left my bed and board, I hereby forbid all persons to harbor her or give her credit as I will pay no bills of her contraction.

ED. EASTWOOD.

Newerf, Pa., May 22, 1906.

All Horsemen Take Notice.

The famous Percheron stallion, "Toxique," will be at Hayes' Livery Stable at Hazelhurst every Thursday evening and until Friday noon, during the season of 1906. Kane Percheron Horse Co.

Phosphate for Sale.

I have just received two carloads of phosphate for oats, grass, corn, potatoes and buckwheat. E. W. JONES,
Smethport, Pa.

Have your lawn mower sharpened on our machine. Make it better than new.
Holmes & Gilfillan.

Whitcola, the great shoe, glove and clothing cleaner at Fry & Comes and J. Colegrove's.

WANTED—Men to peel bark in Potter county. Good wages. Apply to B. C. Farrell, Supt., Costello, Pa.



RAILROAD WATCHES

We make a specialty of railroad watches. He uses a special movement containing 21 jewels, one that runs with wonderful accuracy and is built to stand the wear and tear, smash and slam of the railroad business.

KERR

Main St. Smethport

McCALL PATTERNS 10 & 15c

ARROW COLLARS 2 for 25c

FRY & COMES.

... MAY CLEARANCE SALE. ...

At this season there is always an accummulation of odd lots and broken lines of all sorts of merchandise. These odd lots we must get rid of in order to keep our stocks clean.

The very low price, some even less than half, that we quote this week ought to get them out in a hurry. Below is a partial list:

LADIES SKIRTS

11 Tailored Skirts, regular 4.50 to 7.50, blues, greens, blacks & mixtures, May sale HALF PRICE.

WASH SILKS

75 yds of 50c Printed Wash Silks, white grounds with colored dots, 19 in., May sale price 38c

MEN'S SHIRTS

23 Negligee Shirts, dark colors, $1 and $1.50 qualities, sizes 14 to 16. May sale price 50c

LADIES UNDERWEAR.

30 prs. Ribbed Gauze Pants, knee lengths, sizes 4 and 5, 20c grade, May sale price 13c

42 Ribbed Gauze Vests, short sleeves, button front, 25c grade, May sale price 13c

HOSIERY.

57 prs. Ladies fancy hose, values up to 50c, some slight-perfect, all sizes, May sale price 13c.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN

SMETHPORT PENN'A.

Are You Going To Paint?

This will interest you. While it lasts we will sell you a first class mixed paint for ONE DOLLAR per gallon.

This stock must be closed out. Come early while the assortment is good.

Holmes & Gilfillan.

Wedding and Graduation Presents at Prill's.

If you are looking for a graduation present come here and we will help you.

We have a complete line of silver case goods, sterling ware, cut glass, bric-a-brac, etc.

This will be a Comb and Bracelet season.

We are prepared for this and offer you a line of both, in solid gold and gold filled, at prices that are right.

Watches
Diamonds
Diamond Jewelry
Chains
Festoons
Hat Pins, &c.

Watches demagnetized and repairing at

7 MAIN STREET PRILL BRADFORD, PA.

Bell Phone 473.

Early Summer Millinery.

We are now showing the most popular and charming ideas in New Summer Millinery. They are the latest products of the season—handsome, becoming and stylish.

Our beautiful fine white lawn waists are unexcelled. Some have artistically trimmed yokes, others entire fronts of imported allover embroidery.

Just received an immense lot of ladies shirt waist dresses and separate skirts both in white and colors. We can suit you in style and price. We are showing some of the newest and most popular novelties—hat pins, belts, belt buckles, fancy bags, combs, collars, etc.

Mrs. A. E. Hinman.

Sox with a Six-Months' Guarantee AGAINST HOLES

Black, Tan, (light and dark) Pearl, Navy Blue, and Black sox with white feet. Fast colors. Sizes 9 to 12.



Two Grades (1)—Worsted (medium weight) Sold only in lots of 6 pairs for $2.50. A six-months' guarantee ticket with each pair.

(2)—Cotton (medium and light). Sold only in lots of 6 pairs for $1.50. A six-months' guarantee with each pair.

FOR SALE BY

WM. MONHEIMER.

An Unbelievable Offer

but nevertheless true.

Ladies and gents hose that are sold with the Binding Guarantee that they need no darning for SIX MONTHS from date of purchase. If they should we agree to replace them by new ones.

Don't accept the just-as-good-kind, insist on Hole-proof.

John J., Forger

By Grace Charles

Copyright, 1902, by E. C. Parcells

"Then you have no excuse to offer?" Marion's voice was dangerously even. Dick Gordon hated those cold, accusing tones.

"I have no excuse to offer," he confirmed angrily. "The woman I am to marry should be content with my statement that there was a good reason."

"Unfortunately she is not," said Marion as she laid the ring on his desk. "I cared enough about the matter to come to your office to see you about it. Since you want to be independent, I give you back your entire independence."

His face white with anger, Gordon threw open the door and stood there as she passed through to the next room. Over in the corner John J. was busy with the mail, but he looked up with a grin on his freckled face to smile upon her as she went out. John J. approved of Marion.

Gordon went back to his desk. The golden circlet lying there was too much for his composure, and, with a groan, he threw his arms forward on the desk and buried his head upon them.

It had all been very silly and yet very tragic. He had meant to write Marion that there was a meeting of the promoters of the L. and E. railroad and that he would have to be present to furnish them with estimates if he hoped to get the contract. If he could land that order his success would be assured, and in the prospect of winning out he had forgotten to write.

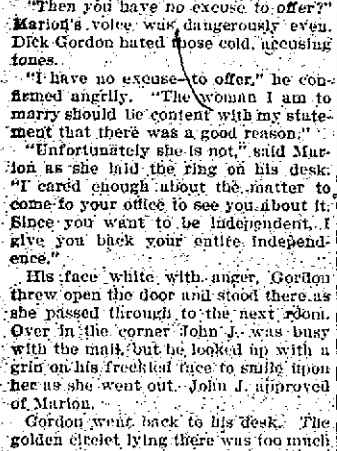
They were both high strung, and when in the morning she had demanded an explanation of his broken engagement without having waited for him to call up on the telephone he had angrily refused to offer any explanation or apology, and when she had come to his office they were both too angry to arrive at an understanding.

Gordon was roused by a touch on the shoulder. He sprang nervously up, to confront John J.

"Why don't you go home?" he thundered. "The office should have been closed half an hour ago!"

"I'm going now," explained John J., with unusual meekness. "But you oughter go up and see Miss Marion and tell her you're sorry."

Gordon grasped John J. by the shoulders and propelled him into the outer



JOHN J. WATCHED HER ANXIOUSLY.

office, while that youngster insisted that he would be sorry in the morning if not just then. The encounter had at least served to rouse Gordon, and he went uptown to the club to spend a miserable evening trying to pretend to himself that he did not care about the broken engagement.

John J.'s "You'll be sorry in the morning if you ain't now" was prophetic. Dick moped over his desk all the morning, unable to do any work. A dozen times he reached for the telephone to call Marion up and ask her forgiveness, and each time he set it irresolutely down again, declaring to himself that Marion should have known that he had a good excuse and that she should have waited until he could call her up. It was on her account as well as his own that he was worried about that contract, and if she could not realize that a half mentioned engagement might have slipped his mind in the pressure of more important matters that was her fault, not his.

Half a dozen times during the morning John J. stole into the room to remind him that those figures for the L. and E. had to be sent out that evening. Each time he was met with a torrent of rebuke. Then he put on his hat and went out of the office, though his lunch hour was not until 1 o'clock.

He knew where Marion lived, and the statement that he had a message for her was enough to get him past the door. Presently the butler came back wearing a solemn frown.

"Miss Darling does not care to receive the message," he said.

"You tell her I want to see her myself," announced John J.

For a moment the butler hesitated, and through that hesitation was lost. Somehow John J. usually got what he wanted, but he was the only person not surprised when Marion sent down word that she would see him.

"I want to tell you about Mr. Gordon," he began as the butler closed the door. "Say, he's awful about the place. He can't do any work, and he can't keep his hands off the telephone. If he don't quiet down and write those railroad people he's going to lose the chance of his life."

"Why do you come to me?" she asked coldly. "I have nothing to do with the matter."

"Quit your kiddin'," urged John J. "I heard you yesterday. You didn't speak loud, but your words came through the partition like they was bullets. You threw him because I forgot to bring you a letter yesterday. It's all my fault for forgetting to bring up the letter."

"Do you mean that he sent me a letter explaining that he would not call last night?"

"Sure," was the easy reply as John J. dug in one of his pockets. "He was in a hurry, and I took it on the machine for him. Just tell him you're sorry over the telephone so's he can go to work."

Marion tore open the letter. "Dear friend," it ran, "I am sorry I can't come to see you tonight, but there's some guys I must see about that railroad matter and I can't come. I'm sorry, but you see this is awfully important, and I know you won't mind. Don't dance with any of the other fellows. I'm sorry I can't come. Yours till death."

It was signed with his full name, and Katherine's eyes twinkled as she read it over. John J. watched her anxiously. As the smile came over her face his own assumed a look of satisfaction, and as she replaced the sheet in its envelope he sprang forward:

"Does it go?" he demanded. "Will you telephone him?"

"It goes," she smiled as she crossed the room where the telephone stood. He followed her across.

"Don't give me away," he pleaded hoarsely. "Don't let on that I forgot to give you the note."

"I won't," she assured as she raised the receiver from the hook.

With instinctive politeness he crossed the room and pretended to look out of the window while she was speaking, but the sharp ears would listen, and when she called to him he knew that it was all right and that the important letter would be written.

"It is all right," she said as she came toward him. "I have telephoned Mr. Gordon, and he understands. It was very good of you to come up and tell me, John."

"Something had to be done," he protested, "and there wasn't anybody else to do it."

Marion leaned forward and kissed his freckled cheek. "I should be very jealous of you, John J., if you were a woman," she said. "You are a great deal for Mr. Gordon."

"He's all right," assented John J., "if he does have a mad spell now and then. I just let him rave till he gets over it; then he's sorry. You ought to try that."

"It's good advice," she smiled.

"You didn't tell him that I was up here?" he asked as he paused at the door.

"No," she assured. "Then I should have had to explain about the letter."

"He don't like to have me butting in," explained John J. as he slid through the doorway.

It was not for several days that Marion told Dick of the pitiful little forgery made to bring things out right and showed him John J.'s idea of a love letter, with its inked over rubber stamped facsimile of his signature, but it was a happy moment for John J. when Dick shook his hand, man fashion, and thanked him for what he had done.

"Forget it," was the only suitable response he could think of, but Dick and Marion cannot.

Changes In Pronunciation.

It requires no very profound knowledge of English literature to ascertain that the pronunciation of the language has undergone a vast change during the last three centuries. The shrewd conjecture has indeed more than once been hazarded that the works of the Elizabethan dramatist would be unintelligible to a modern audience if the native and original pronunciation were adhered to, and certain, at all events, it is that in many well known passages of Shakespeare the very rhythm of the line imperatively demands a strange and unaccustomed accentuation of certain words. With the peculiarities of a later period most people are sufficiently acquainted. That gold was *goold* and that china was *chaney* during the Augustan era is matter of common knowledge. And who can forget Pope's description of Atticus:

Dreading even fools, by flatterers besieged,
And so obliging that he ne'er obliged?

The last mentioned mode, as well as the two others, lingered on well into the last century and was habitual with Lord John Russell, though they are all probably by this time as rare as Russia for Russia and rarer than Spaw for Spa.—Chambers' Journal.

How Arnold Studied Logic.

Here is an interesting story told in the life of Archbishop Temple:

Matthew Arnold got leave, at the last moment, to take in "Logic For Responsions" instead of "Euclid," which he could never master. The day before the examination he went to Jowett, who was his tutor, and asked how he could learn the subject in time, as he was wholly ignorant of it. Jowett said his only chance was to go to Temple and see if he would try to teach him in one day. Temple consented and, starting about 9 o'clock in the morning, talked continuously, allowing two pauses of half an hour each for meals, till past 2 o'clock next morning. Arnold had been provided with paper, but took no notes. He lay back in his chair with the tips of his fingers together, saying from time to time, "What wonderful fellows they were!" Soon after 2 o'clock a. m. Temple sent Arnold away to get some sleep, after which he satisfied the examiners in logic. He answered every question.

PISO'S CURE FOR

25 CTS. CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS 25 CTS.

Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

CONSUMPTION

EMIL THAMM,

MANUFACTURER OF

Fine Cigars.

Wholesale and Retail Dealer

A QUEER POKER GAME

IT WAS PLAYED BY TWO STOCKMEN IN A DENVER HOTEL.

The Turn That Came When the Fortunes of Both Men Were Piled on the Table—A Side Bet and a Card That Was Not Shown to the Board.

The old St. James hotel in Denver was one of the landmarks of the city for over a quarter of a century, and many famous sporting men were among its guests. Numerous stories are told of the "stiff" poker games that used to be played there in the late eighties and early nineties of the last century.

A game was played one night between two stockmen, a banker and a mining man. The story goes that the mining man and the banker played until they were "all in," leaving the two stockmen to battle it out. It came up to the "consolation" jack pot, and those who had lingered to see the finish were not disappointed when they expected something spectacular to take place. The stakes were running high, the ante being $500, with no betting limit. One of the stockmen opened for $2,500 and was promptly raised before the draw. Then there followed a series of raises and counter raises until the pot contained $11,000 before cards were drawn.

"Gi' me that one," blandly announced the man who had "seen" the last raise. The dealer slipped one card across the table, laid the deck down, relighted his neglected cigar and said unconcernedly, "I'll play these."

Then the betting commenced in earnest. The player had opened, and he led off with $2,500 as a "feeler." The dealer raised a like amount, and the other fellow followed suit. It was plain that one or the other of the men was going to lose his fortune. Checks were written, torn up and made out for larger amounts, and finally more gaze papers on real estate and cattle were passed into the pot. Finally one man said to the other:

"Say, Henry, I'm going to stay with you until everything I've got, right down to the clothes on my back, is represented on the table. Now, I'm in doubt as to some of my property holdings, so I'll make you a proposition. Give me until tonight (it was then 4 a. m.) to find out just where I stand and we'll play the hand out. Meantime let us seal up my hand in one envelope, yours in another and the deadwood in still another. We'll leave the three envelopes in the office safe, to be delivered to both of us together."

The other players agreed, and envelopes and sealing wax were sent for. The hands and remaining cards in the deck were duly sealed and deposited as per arrangement.

Meantime friends of the two players endeavored to get the men together on some sort of compromise proposition, knowing full well that neither could afford to bank his entire fortune on a poker hand, leaving his family destitute, but both men were obdurate and would listen to no proposition to split the pot. An interested and expectant group gathered in the lobby about 8 o'clock in the evening, among them being the man who had opened the pot. They talked together in a friendly manner, speculating upon what would happen when the man who went to look up his assets returned. While they were talking he walked in.

"Well, Henry, I'm ready to resume our little argument," he announced in a matter of fact tone. Then the crowd repaired to the room where the game had been played. The main announced that he had $33,000 to "play back." Securities and certified checks representing this amount were piled on the table. Then, and not until then, did either of the men show signs of nervousness. The opener had drawn a check for $33,000 and started to tear it out of the book when the other man said in a slow, deliberate voice:

"Looks a little strong for either of us, doesn't it, Henry?"

"Well," rejoined the other man, toying with the check, "what would you consider a fair proposition at this stage of the game?"

"It's not gambling, I know," said the other, "but if you want to split the pot and"—

"She's split," calmly announced the man who had opened for $2,500. The currency, gold, checks, mortgage papers and securities were equally divided. Not a word was spoken. Silently the man who opened took up the envelopes, tore them open and laid the two hands on the table, faces downward.

"Bet you a cigar I had you beat," he bantered.

"You're called," said the other, turning over four cards, jacks and sixes. The opener also turned over four cards. They were jacks and sixes.

"I'll bet you," said the dealer, "a thousand dollars that I've still got you beat."

The other man peered at a corner of his buried card, toyed a moment with a stack of currency and shoved $1,000 to the center. Then, without waiting for the man he had called to show his hole card, he turned up a four spot. The dealer looked at it, smiled, touched the bell and put his hand in the deck. He never told what the other card was.—Denver Times.

Lights of London.

A farmer who visited London for the first time was walking along Oxford street, filling his pipe, when a match boy came up to him with the usual "Lights, sir?" The farmer took a box from the boy, extracted a match, lit his pipe and handed the box back to the astonished lad, passing on with the remark, "Lor, what a wunnerful place Lunnon is, to be sure!"

THE MINER and Tri-Weekly Tribune one year for $1.75 IN ADVANCE.

A JOCULAR MONARCH.

Ivan the Terrible Had Cold Blooded Notions About Jesting.

Ivan the Terrible forgot neither his devotions nor his diversions. His palace alternately resounded with praying and carousing. For his pastime bears were brought from Novgorod. When from his window he perceived a group of citizens collected he let slip two or three of these ferocious animals, and his delight on beholding the flight of the terrified creatures, and especially on hearing the cries of the victims, was unbounded. His bursts of laughter were loud and long continued. To console those who were maimed for life he would sometimes send each of them a small piece of gold.

Another of his chief amusements was in the company of jesters, whose duty it was to divert him, especially before and after any executions, but they often paid dearly for an unseasonable joke.

Among those none was more distinguished than Prince Gvosdef, who held a high rank at court.

The czar, being one day dissatisfied with a jest, poured over the prince's head the boiling contents of a soup basin. The agonized wretch prepared to retreat from the table, but the tyrant struck him with a knife, and he fell senseless to the floor. Dr. Arnolph was instantly called.

"Save my good servant!" cried the czar. "I have jested with him a little too hard."

"So hard," replied the other, "that only God and your majesty can restore him to life. He no longer breathes."

Ivan expressed his contempt, called the deceased favorite a dog and continued his amusements.

Another day, while he sat at table, the waywode of Staritza, Boris Titof, appeared, bowed to the ground and saluted him after the customary manner.

"God save thee, my dear waywode. Thou deservest a proof of my favor."

He seized a knife and cut off an ear. Titof thanked the czar for his gracious favor and wished him a happy reign.—Pearson's Weekly.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF LOVE.

Love is kindly and deedless.—Yeats.

Love can sun the realms of night.—Schiller.

They do not love that do not show their love.—Shakespeare.

Love's a thing that's never out of season.—Barry Cornwall.

He that shuts out love in turn shall be shut out by love.—Tennyson.

The greatest miracle of love is the cure of coquetry.—La Rochefoucauld.

Love is master of the wisest, it is only fools that defy him.—Thackeray.

Love never dies of starvation, but often of indigestion.—Ninon de l'Enclos.

The magic of first love is the ignorance that it can ever end.—Beaconsfield.

Man's love is of man's life a thing apart; 'tis woman's whole existence.—Byron.

It is impossible to love a second time when we have once really ceased to love.—La Rochefoucauld.

Bulow's Wonderful Memory.

Bulow had a wonderful memory, as was evidenced by his astonishing feat of memorizing Kiel's concerto, which the man who wrote it could not accompany without notes. His accuracy was almost infallible. He was once rehearsing a composition of Liszt's for orchestra in that composer's presence without notes. Liszt interrupted to say that a certain note should have been played piano. "No," replied Bulow, "it is sforzando." "Look and see," persisted the composer. The score was produced. Bulow was right. How everybody did applaud! In the excitement one of the brass wind players lost his place. "Look for a bsflat in your part," said Bulow, still without his notes. "Five measures farther on I wish to begin."

The Word "Asphalt."

Of deceitful ancestry is the word "asphalt." Apparently it means "not slippery." The Greeks themselves were tempted to derive "asphaltos" from "a," not, and "sphallo," make to fall or slip. However, the word is really of unknown barbarian origin—Phoenician, some say. Asphalt was in use very early in history. It is said to have been the slime with which the infant Moses' ark of bulrushes was daubed and which the builders of the tower of Babel used instead of mortar.

Butchery In War.

In one of the Du Guesclin's victories so many English were taken captive that every the humblest soldier among the French had one or more prisoners. The victors, however, fell to quarrelling and, ill feeling becoming rife in the French army in consequence of these quarrels over the prisoners, Du Guesclin ordered all the captives to be butchered, and the brutal order was carried out.

A Cautious Lover.

A correspondent of the London Globe tells of a gilded youth who left instructions at a jeweler's shop for the inscription of an engagement ring he had just bought. He wanted it inscribed, "From Bertie to Maud." As he left he turned back and added, as an after thought, "I shouldn't—ah—cut 'Maud' too deep, don't you know."

Close.

She—Do you know I've induced my husband to give up cigars? He—Is that so? Well, I've known him for seven years, and I never saw him give up one.—Illustrated Bits.

It is the privilege of posterity to set matters right between those antagonists who by their rivalry for greatness divided a whole age.—Addison.

Novelty Restaurant

New York Counts, Clams, Cigars

THOMAS YOUNG, PROP'R.

WANTED A RAISE.

A Story of Marshall Field and One of His Pensioners.

Among the charities of Marshal Field was a pension list of persons to whom a stated sum was sent regularly each month. With these he was generous, but he disliked being imposed upon. One man, who had in some way impressed Mr. Field with his deserts, had a check each thirty days for $25.

He had gone far from Mr. Field's memory, but remained on the list. His pension made him quite "an eligible party" in the circle in which he lived, and at last he yielded to the blandishments of his landlady, an elderly, prosperous widow, and married her.

"Now, Henry," she said to him next day, "we'll just be having your pay raised. You can't keep two as easily as you can one. Mr. Field is a rich man, and he will understand that. You go down and tell him you need $50 a month."

Away went Henry, and after much importunity and persuasion obtained access to the inner office of the great merchant, where he stated his case. Mr. Field became interested at once.

"A widow, eh?" he inquired, smiling. "Did she ask you or you her?"

"Well, sir," stammered Henry, "I guess she did lead up to it."

"How old is she?"

"About forty, sir."

"Did she support herself?"

"Yes, sir. She has a big boarding house. I boarded with her. I do yet, in fact."

"Ah, yes," said Mr. Field. "So you want a raise, do you? Let me see. How much was your pension? Twenty-five dollars? Well, you won't have to pay any board now, so suppose we make it twelve and a half? That will keep you in spending money."—Youth's Companion.

Courtesy goes a long way, but flattery farther.—Schoolmaster.

Official Directory

STATE.

Governor—Samuel W. Pennypacker.
Lieutenant Governor—W. M. Brown.
State Treasurer—Wm. H. Berry.
Auditor General—E. B. Hardenbergh.
Sec'y of Internal Affairs—L. B. Brown

DISTRICT AND COUNTY.

President Judge—Joseph W. Bouton, Smethport.
Member of Congress—S. R. Dresser, Bradford.
State Senator—Myron Matson, Bradford.
Members of Assembly—J. W. Campbell, Kane; J. M. McElroy, Bradford.
District Attorney—Guy E. Mayo, Smethport.
Sheriff—Geo. W. Mitchell, Smethport.
Prothonotary—S. E. Bell, Smethport.
Recorder—H. M. Choate, Smethport.
Register—J. B. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—W. H. Morrison, Smethport.
County Treasurer—S. D. Weaver, Smethport.
Commissioners—Geo. Griffiths, Kane; J. A. Peterson, Bradford; John P. Duvall, Bradford.
Com'rs' Clerk—A. E. Walker, Bradford.
Jury Commissioners—S. M. Lane, Rixford and Leon Curtis, Farmers Valley.
Auditors—Oscar Engstrom, Smethport; C. W. Freeman, Smethport; W. I. Oviatt, East Smethport.
Coroner—B. H. Hall, M. D., Bradford.
County School Superintendent—Burdette S. Bayle, Smethport.

BOROUGH.

Burgess—Charles McKean.
Council—W. A. Ostrander, president; Mrs. Lena Hyde, secretary; Alfred Hagberg, Jas. McKean, A. A. Alder, J. F. Rooney, James Herriman, J. C. Cunningham.
Justices—B. L. Knapp, R. C. Gleason.
Constable—E. W. Jones.
High Constable—Andrew Ness.
School Directors—D. C. Young (president), J. N. Apple, treas.; Sheridan Garton, sec'y, W. F. Specht, C. M. Culegrove, John Clark.
Collector—R. C. Gleason.
Assessor—F. H. Freeman.
Auditors—C. C. Clo te, A. H. Kidder.
Judge of Election—G. H. Hyde.
Inspectors of Election—J. A. Swanson, C. H. Burlingame.

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street.
HORACE H. REDFIELD, W. M.
W. F. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 369, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work Initiary degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; and degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.
E. W. STRONG, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 227, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.
S. H. CLEVELAND, Chief Patriarch.
G. B. BARGER, Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. 347, meets first Thursday afternoon of each month at 3 p. m. in the Odd Fellows Hall.
B. L. BURLINGAME, Com.
H. M. CHOATE, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon at 1, O. O. F. Hall.
MRS. ADELL GRIGSBY, Pres't.
MRS. ROSE PEIRCE, Sec'y.

A. O. U. W.—Smethport Lodge, No. 182, meets Tuesday evening of each month in Kerns Hall.
Z. U. GIFFORD, M. W.
J. C. GALLUP, Recorder.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 9, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening at 7:30 in I. O. O. F. Hall.
A. H. KIDDER, Com.
W. H. MORRISON, R. K.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, Thursday afternoons.
MOLLIE E. PIERCE, Com.
LIZZIE F. HOLDEN, R. K.

C. M. B. A.—Smethport Branch 33, meets second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at W. C. T. U. Hall, Backus block, at 7:30 p. m.
JAMES LYNCH, Pres't.
THOMAS CLARK, Rec. Sec'y.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate Saturday at 2 p. m. in the M. E. Chapel.
MRS. JANE N. FORSYTHE, Pres.
MRS. MARY E. RICHMOND, Sec'y.

P. N. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 25, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.
C. M. COLEGROVE, Pres.
CLARA BURLINGAME Sec'y.

Phoenix Chapter No. 15, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.
MRS. MARIA CARTER, W. M.
MRS. ELLA MOORHOUSE, Sec'y.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree 1st Monday; Warrior's degree 2nd Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.
A. A. AUBEY, S.
L. K. HOGARTH, C. of R.

Churches

METHODIST EPISCOPAL.—W. A. Harris, pastor. Class Meeting Sunday at 10:00 a. m.; preaching at 10:30 a. m.; Sunday school at 11:45 a. m.; Junior League at 3 p. m.; Epworth League at 6:30 p. m.; evening service at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Wednesday at 8 p. m.

Episcopal.—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Additional service at 8 a. m. except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 9:30 a. m.

All Saint's Memorial Chapel.—East Smethport—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine services every Sunday at 2:45 p. m. Sunday School 3:30 p. m. The Ladies' Guild meets every Friday at 10 a. m.

St. [illegible] Church.—Pastor, Mass at 11 a. m. Service at 11:30 a. m. Sunday School at 3 p. m. Services in each Sunday.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH.—W. A. Day, pastor. Preaching each Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Sunday School at 10 a. m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 7:30. Ladies' Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Women's Missionary Circle meets the first Tuesday evening in each month. The pastor preaches in the East Smethport Chapel each Sunday afternoon at 2:30. All are invited. Seats free.

TRAVELLERS' GUIDE.

Pennsylvania RAILROAD.

Time Table—Taking effect Jan. 1, 1906.

TRAINS LEAVE SMETHPORT.

For Clermont, Johnsonburg, Erie, Ridgway, Falls Creek and Pittsburg 10:10 a m week days.

For Larabee, Olean, East Aurora and Buffalo 4:03 p m week days.

W. W. ATTERBURY, General Manager. J. R. WOOD, Pass. Traffic Mgr

GEO. W. BOYD, Gen'l Passenger Agent

KUSHEQUA ROUTE

Trains Leave Smethport at

7:40 a m for Bradford and Kane via B B & K, and Punxsutawney via B R & P
9:25 a m for Bradford via B R & P
11:25 a m for Bradford via B B & K, and Pittsburg via B R & P
2:26 p m for Bradford and Kane via B B & K and Buffalo B R & P
4:40 p m for Bradford and Kane via B R & P and DuBois via B R & P
5:47 p m for Bradford via B R & P

Trains arrive at Smethport at

8:45 a m from Bradford and Kane.
10:25 a m from DuBois.
12:46 p m from Buffalo and Kane.
2:35 p m from Bradford and Pittsburg
5:46 p m from Bradford.
9:45 p m from Punxsutawney and Kane.

C. H. GLEASON, Agent.

Buffalo, Bradford & Kane Railway.

Time table in Effect April 2nd, 1905. Eastern Time.

Trains leave Smethport via Kushequa Route daily except Sunday at 7:40 a. m., 12:00 a. m. and 5:15 p. m.

Arrive	a. m.	p. m.	p. m.
Bradford	9:20		6:45
Mt. Jewett	9:45	1:33	6:15
Kane	9:55	2:55	6:55
Leave	**6 m.**	**p. m.**	**p. m.**
Bradford	7:50		4:55
Kane	7:00	10:35	4:30
Mt. Jewett	7:31	11:26	5:06
	a. m.		
Arriving at Smethport at	8:00	a. m.,	5:05 p

m, and 6:30 p. m.

Connections at Bradford with Erie, B., R. & P. Ry. and at Kane with B. & O. R. R. and Penna. R. R.

A. B. CAMPBELL, Genl Supt. R. S. BULLIS, Gen. Pass. Agt. Bradford.

The Pittsburg Shawmut & Northern R. R.

Effective Nov. 26, 1906

MAIN LINE.

P M	P M	A M		A M	P M	A M
6:25	3:14L		Hornellsville	A10:35	5:50	
6:30	3:20		Arkport	10:28	5:43	
f	f		Burns	f	f	
6:47	3:36		Hornellsville Jc	10:14	5:27	
6:54	3:42		Canerserega	10:07	5:20	
6:58	3:48		Gurwoods	10:02	5:15	
7:10	3:59		Swains	9:48	5:16	
7:28	4:17		Bridal	9:30	4:57	
7:33	4:22		Angelica	9:25	4:52	
7:39	4:28		Friendship	9:19	4:46	
8:54	5:46		Bolivar	7:55	3:23	
6:40		11:36	Olean		2:32	10:23
6:27			Eldred			9:56
6:54			Larabee			9:28
7:18			Smethport			9:00
8:00			Mt. Jewett			8:12
9:50		L7:20	St. Marys		A4:50	6:30
		10:07	Shawmut		2:11	
		A10:42	Brockwayville		L1:36	
P M	P M	A M			A M	P M

Hornellsville and Wayland Branch

P M	A M	A M		A M	P M	P M
3:30	11:00	7:10	Wayland	A10:55	3:02	6:58
3:38	11:08	7:25	Perkinsville	10:39	2:56	6:39
3:43	11:13	7:32	Rogersville	10:32	2:49	6:45
3:47	11:17	7:36	Stony Brook Glen	10:18	2:45	6:41
4:00	11:30	7:49	Hornellsville Jc	10:06	2:33	6:29
f	f		Burns	f	f	
4:11	11:41	7:59	Arkport	9:54	2:21	6:17
4:22	11:52	8:09A	Hornellsville	L9:41	2:10	6:05
P M	A M	A M		A M	P M	P M

All trains daily, except Sunday.

L—leave; A—arrive; f—trains stop on signal or notice to conductor.

B. C. MULHERN, General Supt. JOS. T. O'DELL, Gen. Pass. Agt. St. Marys, Pa.

OUDERSPORT & PORT ALLEGANY

Railroad Time Table, taking effect Monday, March 18, 1901.

Ar. Eastward			STATIONS.	L'v Westward.		
A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	Ar. Dp	A.M.	P.M.	A.M.
8.05	7.05	2.10	Ulysses	7.20	2.25	9.10
7.50	6.53	2.10	Crowell	7.27	2.32	9.19
7.46	0	1.57	Carpenter	0	2.34	9.
7.40	6.48	1.53	Perkins	7.32	2.37	9.26
7.32	6.45	1.50	New'd Junc	7.37	2.42	9.32
0	0	1.45	Newfield	7.41	2.46	0
7.05	6.36	1.41	Gold	7.44	2.49	9.40
7.00	6.30	1.35	Raymond	7.49	2.54	9.45
6.45	6.21	1.24	Seven Bdg's	8.01	3.06	10.02
6.40	6.17	1.20	Colesburg	8.04	3.09	10.15
6.25	6.10	1.12	Frinks	8.12	3.17	10.26
6.15	0	1.05	N. Coudersp't	0	3.26	10.35
6.10	6.00	1.00	Dp. Ar.	8.25	3.30	10.45
A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	Coudersport.			P.M.
4.20	7.45	12.15	Ar. Dp.	8.28	6.00	7.35
0	0	12.13	Hammond	0	0	0
4.08	7.38	12.09	Olmsted	8.33	6.05	7.31
3.59	7.35	12.05	Mina	8.37	6.10	7.37
3.45	0	11.59	Knowlton	0	6.17	0
3.40	7.25	11.55	Roulette	8.47	6.21	7.51
3.30	7.16	11.47	Burtville	8.54	6.28	8.01
3.23	0	11.45	Coleman	0	6.34	0
3.20	0	0	Chem. Wrks	0	0	0
3.15	7.05	11.36	Pt. Allegany	9.08	6.40	8.25
P.M.	P.M.	A.M.	Dp. Ar.	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.

—Trains do not stop.

Connections at Ulysses with N. Y. C. & H. R. R.; at Port Allegany with W. N. Y. & P. R'y. and at Newfield Junction with B. & S. R. R.

Trains run on eastern standard time.

B. A. M'CLURE, Supt.

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Pellham's Loan

By LOUISE GLOSTER

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Pellham nervously paced the platform. In twenty minutes the train would come and take him away from Rotan and his brief dream of paradise. It would take him back to town, and he would try to forget that he had ever been engaged to Alice Carver.

It was funny, he thought, that they never should have had disputes until they had become engaged, but since Christmas eve, when he had slipped the ring upon her finger and had assured her that it bound her to him for life, there had been nothing but misunderstandings, culminating in the dispute of last night, when she had given back the ring and had left him with head erect—to break down when she reached her own room.

The Carver house party had lasted well into the new year, and there were still half a dozen guests at the big house. He wondered bitterly if Alice would be engaged to Jordan before the party broke up. Jordan had kissed her under the mistletoe Christmas eve, and Jordan had been the bone of contention ever since. He was so occupied over Jordan's shortcomings that he never noticed Fay Gressit's approach until she tapped him lightly upon the arm.

"I'm in the most awful fix," she laughed. "I came to the station and never realized that I was a pauper. Can you let me have $20? There is no time to send back to Carver castle."

Pellham performed a lightning calculation. His ticket had cost him $8.40. That from $20 left $11.60. It would never do to confess that he did not have it. Fay would gloat over the fact that she had caught Bob Pellham penniless. He raised his hat.

"Certainly," he said. "Wait here and I will purchase your ticket and look after your trunk."

He stepped into the waiting room and stayed there long enough to pur-



HE CRIED "COME IN!" AND CONFRONTED FRANK JORDAN.

chase a ticket. He remembered it had taken him about three minutes, and at the end of a similar period he stepped on the platform again with the pasteboard and change in his hand, as if he had just come from the window.

"It will be real nice to have your company to town," she said. Bob colored.

"I've changed my mind," he explained. "I'm not going to town this morning. May I wait until the last train?"

"I will have father send a check to your club," she smiled as the train came in and he saw her settled in the chair car. "I suppose I shall see you at Collins' Monday?"

"Surely," he smiled as he raised his hat and made for the platform, but as the train grew smaller in the distance he became less confident. It was Saturday afternoon. He could not wire to his office for money. They closed at noon, and it was 11 now. He might try the boys, but most of them went out of town over Sunday. In any event, he should hate to explain that he had left the Carvers in such a hurry that he had not even had time to send for funds. He made his way to the little hotel, where the landlord's curious glances made him realize that the transfer to the hotel would excite curiosity.

He began to feel that he had acted very foolishly. If he had confessed to Fay that he only had $10—that would have taken her to town—or told her to send up to Carver's and have taken the next train! Now it looked as if he should have to stay in the town over Sunday.

The landlord could not cash him a check, so he took a room and made his way to it. After the comfort of Carver castle the dingy room, with its shee' iron stove and florid wall paper, seemed intolerable, but it was better than wandering around town and perhaps running into Frank Jordan.

Somehow, as the afternoon passed, Jordan appeared less formidable than he had, and Pellham began to feel uncomfortably like a fool. It had been such a trifle to quarrel over. He had found them in the music room and Jordan had been disentangling a strand of Alice's hair from his coat button.

He had refused to believe her prompt explanation that in turning the music he had caught her hair. He had assumed a flirtation, and his cutting remarks had ended in the return of his ring and misery for them both. In his hot anger he had not liked to ask his host to cash a check and had gone away without a thought of emergencies.

There is no time to consider the commonplace things of life when one has just lost the girl he loves, and all would have been well enough had he not feared Fay Gressit's ridicule.

He made a pretense of reading a book he found in his hand bag, but he could not interest himself in the story and long before the dusk began to close in he was thoroughly miserable.

He welcomed a knock at the door. It could only be the porter with coal or the chambermaid with towels, but somehow he felt as if he had been stranded on a desert island, and he welcomed the advent of any one. He sprang to his feet as he cried "Come in!" and confronted Frank Jordan.

"You will pardon my breaking in upon your solitude," began Jordan, "but Miss Carver sent me for you."

"How did you know I was here?" he demanded suspiciously.

"Miss Gressit sent a telegram warning us that you were still in town and asking us to look you up."

"Have you the telegram?" asked Bob. Jordan shook his head.

"Miss Carver has that. She just asked me to look you up. I say, old chap, I feel awfully cut up over last night. There really was nothing to it. Of course I know how you feel. When a fellow is first engaged he is jealous of the rest of mankind. Good Lord, when I was first engaged to Fay I used to be jealous even of her riding master."

"You engaged to Fay Gressit?" shouted Bob. "I thought you were—well, interested in Alice."

"Sure I'm interested," agreed Jordan. "She's been a sort of fairy godmother to Fay and me. You know, Mrs. Gressit does not approve of me; thinks I'm not a good match for Fay, and if it weren't for Alice I don't know what we would have done."

"I suppose everybody is laughing at my staying behind," said Pellham wearily.

"Don't know anything about it," declared Jordan. "I can let you have what you need and you can go right on to town or you can come back with me and simply explain that you changed your mind. If I were you I'd go back. Alice says you have a ring that belongs to her."

"I'll go," said Bob. "Help me get these things together."

Some hours later Bob and Alice sat in the music room while Jordan was doing his best to hold the rest of the crowd in the library with his stories.

"I'm awfully glad you came back," whispered Alice, slipping her hand into the one with the ring on it—inside, "I think Fay is the smartest girl I know."

"But what made her think I was going to stay over?" he asked. "I told her I was going down on the next train."

"She saw you buy your ticket and that there was only the one bill in your purse. She knew that if you stayed over there would be a chance for an explanation, so she borrowed every cent you had and telegraphed us from the next stop just what she had done."

"I think," said Pellham slowly, "that I owe Fay a great deal more than she owes me."

"I should hope," said Alice, "that you value me at more than $20."

"Dear," he whispered, "you are without price."

"Without money and without price," she quoted. "You without the money and I without the price."

Foreign Bodies In the Flesh.

It is not an uncommon thing for people to carry needles, pins, bullets and bits of steel around with them for half a lifetime, but no one can be found who would be willing voluntarily to undertake such a burden. And yet there are instances where articles which might seem to be of a most dangerous character have been carried in the body for years. A man, in repairing a building, fell through a window, breaking the glass and severely cutting one of his arms. The wound was carefully and antiseptically dressed, and the man went about his business. Three years later he called upon the doctor who had attended him and complained of a boil on his wrist. The physician casually mentioned the injury which he had sustained and asked him if he suffered any inconvenience from it. He answered, "No, not much," but said that at times there was a peculiar sensation between the elbow and shoulder. Upon examination the doctor found a long splinter of glass just ready to prick through the skin at a point several inches above the place where it had originally entered. The glass was drawn out, the wound properly dressed, and the man recovered, thereafter being entirely free from the annoying sharp pains to which he had for years been subject.

Well-Balanced Cats.

"Did you know that if you cut a cat's tail off she can't catch mice any more?" asked a young woman of another.

"I don't see why," replied the other, "and, further, I can't imagine what occasion you have had for cutting off cats' tails to see."

"I haven't cut off any cats' tails, but an accident deprived our cat of its caudal appendage. The feline became as helpless as a ship without a rudder. When it tried to spring upon an object it would alight far to one side. The look of pained surprise on the cat's features was pathetic. After awhile it learned to jump straight again, but it was a long and painful experience for the poor cat. The balance of power and the power to balance seem to lie in the tail of the cat." —Kansas City Times.

BLACK GOVERNORS.

A Curious Piece of Old Time Connecticut History.

A book little known even to collectors of Americana is a volume entitled "Hartford In the Olden Time: Its First Thirty Years," by Seneca, which was edited by W. M. B. Hartley and published at Hartford in 1853. There is a chapter in this book entitled "The Black Governors of Connecticut," the very title of which will excite the surprise of most intelligent people even in Connecticut, who have never heard of any black governors in the Nutmeg State except the governors of an opposite political faith, who were, of course, politically black. The title, however, is explained and justified by a little explanation. Before the Revolution and down to a period as late as 1820 it was the custom for the negroes living in the state to hold an election on the Saturday succeeding the regular election day, choosing one of their number as governor. Sometimes, however, no election was held, the retiring governor assigning his office to another. The man chosen in either case was usually "of imposing presence, strength, firmness and volubility, quick to decide, ready to command and quick to flog." He appointed a staff of military and judicial officers, who executed his orders in all matters pertaining to colored people, especially questions pertaining to morals, manners and ceremonies.

The fact that he had no legal status in the province or state did not at all trouble him or his subjects, and he appears to have exercised a very real power, nearly always on the side of morality and justice. The justices of the peace appointed by these black governors were, as a rule, extremely severe in punishing people of their own color who transgressed the law. So generally was this recognized by the whites in colonial times that when a slave committed some offense it was the custom to turn him over to the black justice for punishment. Such a culprit always fared much worse than if he had been tried by the regular courts.

Among the more notable colored men who held the office of governor were: Quaw, a negro belonging to Colonel George Wyllys; Pedeg Nott, who belonged to Colonel Jeremiah Wadsworth; Boston, belonging to Mr. Nicholas; Adolf Anderson and Cuff, who held the office for ten years. After the abolition of slavery in Connecticut the custom fell into disuse.

FACTS ABOUT MEXICO.

There are [illegible] miles.

Mexico has [illegible] miles.

Mexico has vast deposits of onyx and marble.

Mexico has fifty-nine lakes and great lagoons.

The area of Mexico is about 750,000 square miles.

Cotton factories in Mexico employ over 25,000 people.

The "valley" of Mexico is 7,500 feet above the sea level.

Mexico is about ten times larger than Great Britain.

The traveler in Mexico is seldom out of sight of mountains.

The rainy season generally lasts from May to September.

There are probably 300,000 men employed in the mines of Mexico.

Mexico is the richest mineral country in the world, not excepting Peru.

The largest state is Chihuahua, with an area of nearly 90,000 square miles.

Quantities of sulphur are mined in the craters of several extinct volcanoes.—Modern Mexico.

Taught Him How to Die.

It was after seeing Henry Irving act as Becket that a young Japanese studying theology in this country said to a friend who took him: "I thank you very much for making me remain. You know, I may have to suffer some day for holding to what I believe to be the truth, and I have often thought that I would never be able to play my part in the right way. From now on I shall never be troubled with such a thought, for when the time comes I shall remember that Henry Irving has taught me how to die. Yes, I should like to die like Becket." Thus did Becket in the flesh and Tennyson, the dramatist, and Irving, the actor, serve the potential Christian martyr that may be.—Boston Transcript.

Social Opinion.

Social opinion is like a sharp knife. There are foolish people who regard it only with terror and dare not touch or meddle with it; there are more foolish people who, in rashness or defiance, seize it by the blade and get cut and mangled for their pains; and there are wise people who grasp it discreetly and boldly by the handle and use it to carve out their own purposes.—Mrs. Jameson.

Assistant Master's Lot Is Hard.

If you take a scholar and a gentleman and make him do the work of a nursemaid for the wages of a bricklayer's laborer, coupled with the treatment of a dog, you then get that finished product of civilization, the assistant master at an English private school.—Barry Pain in Tatler.

An Improbable Story.

"The editor looks downcast. What's the matter with him?"

"He received a letter yesterday informing him of a big legacy, and in the rush he replied, 'Declined with thanks.'"

Not Anxious to Please.

Neptune—I say, Boreas, if you keep on blowing like that you'll get yourself disliked. Boreas—What do I care? It isn't my business to furnish popular airs.—Modern Society.

The Message From Bleaker's

By Alice Crittenden Derby

Copyright, 1900, by Ruby Douglas

The night operator at Bleaker's Lift had been crying. Job Daly, the taciturn old track walker, saw that with half an eye—which was all he ever directed toward the sex—when he came in for the coal scuttle that evening. Taxing his imagination for a cause, Job surmised that Rhoda wept because her father was laid up again with his crippled back, a memento of the last landslide, which he had defied in order to tip off a warning to others. As a matter of fact the girl's tears were not [illegible] ones, but pertained to the discovery that the young engineer of No. 7 was no ordinary sweet-of-the-brow-running man, but a chap of very different caliber—in short, a son of the first vice president, with a penchant for practical knowledge concerning his father's road.

True, Dave maintained that a man is not accountable for his father and had blustered reassuringly when Rhoda wormed out of him the admission that his sire had shown a tendency to a hot box when told of their matrimonial plans.

"Dad needn't be so doggoned critical," grumbled Dave, blissfully depositing a cinder smudge near Rhoda's pink mouth. "He's self made, every inch of him; began at rock bottom forty years ago. He isn't snobbish either in some ways. He's often told me that I'm named for an old 'buddy' of his; some one he thought the world of and would give a lot to find."

Notwithstanding the vice president's magnanimity toward the memory of a whilom "buddy," Rhoda felt that her humble self as a daughter-in-law should not be wantonly thrust upon him, particularly since Dave confessed light heartedly that the act might bind him to an engineer's life in dead earnest. She was a girl with a conscience, and that unfeeling mentor represented that she ought not to wreck her lover's career. Therefore Rhoda was digging a little heart grave that night at Bleaker's Lift and trying to shovel big Dave into it.

Old Job in his worldless sympathy had filled up her coal stove so solicitously at 10 o'clock and again at 1 that Rhoda was driven to the open door for a breath of the keen mountain air of late November. The black night showed only a few sickly stars above the hill crest and Job Daly's lantern swung about the winding path toward his own shanty. Suddenly this was [illegible] and the darkness [illegible] went out.

"Oh," called Rhoda consternedly, "did you fall?"

There was no answer and the girl turned precipitately within the office. She had locked no other door on end was reaching for a wrap when unusual sound made her wheel quickly. Five burly, evil looking men blocked the doorway.

Rhoda stepped across to the table, her eyes seeking the old fashioned photograph hanging above it as one might appeal to a crucifix. It was the likeness of her father, whom she idolized, and she was taking counsel of him now and also thanking God that it was she on duty that night instead of him. Then she coolly faced the intruders, her back to the table and one hand creeping out stealthily behind her.

"Drop that, curse you!" snarled one of the men. "You'll finger that ticker when I tell you to and not before. See?"

It was the ugliest villain of them all who spoke, and Rhoda's arm fell at her side.

"Now you'll wire the old man at Rumford," the fellow commanded, leveling a shining barrel at her head, "that there's a rock or a tree—make it a tree—on the track, and the express'll have to take the siding. Tell 'em the old guy is lurr and they'll have to throw the switch themselves." He lowered his voice, speaking to the others. "That'll give us time to fix the engineer and get aboard."

His accomplices nodded.

"Now hump yourself, girl. This ain't Telegraph Bill, is next to the dot and dash lingo, so you can't fool us, and you'll do the job up proper or it'll be all day with you." A metallic click emphasized the threat.

Rhoda glanced slowly about the circle of dark, sinister faces. Coming last to Telegraph Bill, she saw that the man was listening intelligently to a message passing over the wire, and she knew the order had spoken truly. They were not to be fooled.

An ashen pallor crept over her face. She [illegible] for the keys. Her fingers stiffened as it unwillingly and feebly the instrument began to tick. As the first words Telegraph Bill looked up, and their eyes held each other for an instant. Then the man's brow contracted downward, and he bent down. Even a high [illegible] may not relish seeing a loyal hearted woman compelled to betray her post.

Tick, tick, tick, sped the message, while Rhoda gazed fascinatedly at the one man who understood it. When she had finished their eyes met again, but his spoke only a bold admiration before which Rhoda's lashes sank.

After cutting the wires the men filed out, engaged in muttered colloquy. Rhoda flung herself down, her head upon her arms. Then, at the thought of all that might yet be, she drew a bright little revolver from the drawer and held it tremblingly. A muffled step and Telegraph Bill stood before her, glancing back apprehensively, as if to see if he were watched.

The girl's weapon flashed aimlessly. With a hoarse imprecation the man lunged to the floor, his temple striking a broken drawhead, which fate, in the person of Job Daly, had cast into a corner that afternoon. Blood gushed from two wounds and he lay white and motionless where he had fallen.

In Rhoda's ears was a running reverberation. She thought it was her own heart till the deck lights of a freight whizzed past and then she knew why the report of her shot had not brought the other men back. She crouched in her chair, hiding her eyes from that rigid, white faced object with its oozing blood. The wanted companionship of the sounder was gone and the mournful sighing of the pine trees without seemed a ghostly requiem for slain hope.

After many hours, she thought, there came a locomotive's sharp cry, waking the mountain echoes; then the nearer rolling thunder of a train. She heard the brake shoes grind upon the wheels and then oblivion enfolded her, unpenetrated by the hubbub of shouts and firing which followed.

What she knew next was that Dave bent over her, pressing her drooping head against the breast of his sooty coat. The room was full of men, some of them bound and gagged. Among these latter was Job, for once more silent than even he enjoyed, though he spoke no word when some one loosed him.

A stately old gentleman emerged from the background and, crossing over, twitched the engineer's sleeve. The young man lifted his eyes, a tender, adoring light still filling them.

"Father!" he exclaimed. "What in the name of all—"

The old gentleman smiled quizzically. "I had a fancy to see how you ran an engine, Dave, and I got right into it. Hey, boy?"

At that moment a commotion arose from the ruffian in the corner. Raising himself on one elbow he stared stupidly about, then lifted a vindictive fist and shook it at Rhoda.

"You young Jezebel, you," he roared painfully, "to serve me like this after I'd saved you from the gang. They'd have slung you a through ticket if I'd blowed your message, and you know it, too, you—you—lily livered devil hen! I was going to help you quite a sneak if you hadn't plugged me, but—"

A groan and a collapse ended the sentence.

Rhoda sprang for yard, reeling and wringing her hands. Dave's [illegible] went with her devouringly.

The vice president looked from one to the other. Then he adjusted his eyeglasses and picked up the yellow telegram slip which the division superintendent had just laid down. He read:

"Danger at 19. Robbers waiting for train No. 7. Don't stop for God's sake."

The official smiled again, this time a little uncertainly. Edging closer to his son, he laid a gentle hand upon his shoulder.

"Lad," he said reproachfully, pointing to the little old photograph above the table, "why didn't you tell me long ago that she was Dave Brody's girl? Surely you knew that he was my old buddy?"

The Color of Water.

After long hesitation scientific men agree in admitting that water physically pure seen in mass is sky blue. This color is that taken by the white light of the sun when absorbed by the water in consequence of a phenomenon the explanation of which would be a little long. It is not due to the chemical purity of the water, since the sea, which is the bluest water, is also that which contains the most salt. Nevertheless, according to Forel's experiments, the matter in solution should be the predominant cause of the modification of color, upon which act besides the matter in suspension the color of the bottom and the reflection of the sky and of the banks. Consequently blue water is pretty rare in nature. A good many seas and lakes that give us the impression of this tint are green. The water at present acknowledged to be the bluest is that of the Sargasso sea, between the Cape Verde islands and the Antilles. The water of the Mediterranean off the French coast and around Capri is bluer than that of Lake Leman, much less blue itself than that of the lakes of Kandersteg and Arolla, in Switzerland.—Paris L'Illustration.

Calling the Landlady.

A man's curiosity got the better of him in a Back Bay lodging house one day, and he paid for it, as is usually the case. He said he hadn't seen the landlady during his stay of three months, the rents being paid to the housekeeper, and a friend to whom he made this remark said that she was around about every day—in fact, he wouldn't be surprised if she was in the house then. To test his confidence he was willing to wager the cigars that she was there, and his doubting friend considered it too easy a thing to lose, so he said, "Agreed." Then the man who was certain proceeded to win easily. Seizing a plate from the table, he dropped it upon the floor, and in less than a minute the woman of the house was on the scene, inquiring about the cause of the noise. The doubter was satisfied.—Boston Globe.

Men Need Big Mirrors.

"A man's dressing room needs a full length mirror as much as a woman's boudoir." This declaration was made by a speaker at a convention of merchant tailors, and the statement met with no contradiction—in fact, after the convention had adjourned it was found that every maker of garments in the hall believed that it would make the American citizen a better dressed person if he would make arrangements to "see himself as others see him." This is not "foppish," it was declared, even though it can be done only through the use of the long mirror, heretofore held sacred to my lady's uses.

CULTIVATING THE CHILD.

How Any Trait May Be Fixed In a Normal Human Being.

There is not a single describable attribute which, lacking in a plant, may not be bred into it. Choose what improvement you wish in a flower, a fruit or a tree, and by crossing, selection, cultivation and persistence you can fix this desirable trait irrevocably. Pick out any trait you want in your child, granted that he is a normal child, be it honesty, fairness, purity, lovableness, industry, thrift, what not. By surrounding this child with sunshine from the sky and your own heart, by giving the closest communion with nature, by feeding him well balanced, nutritious food, by giving him all that is implied in healthful environmental influences and by doing all in love you can thus cultivate in this child and fix there for all his life all of these traits—naturally not always to the full in all cases at the beginning of the work, for heredity will make itself felt first, and, as in the plant under improvement, there will be certain strong tendencies to reversion to former ancestral traits, but in the main with the normal child you can give him all these traits by patiently, persistently guiding him in these early formative years.

And, on the other side, give him foul air to breathe, keep him in a dusty factory or an unwholesome schoolroom or a crowded tenement up under the hot roof; keep him away from the sunshine, take away from him music and laughter and happy faces, cram his little brains with so called knowledge, all the more deceptive and dangerous because made so apparently adaptable to his young mind; let him have associates in his hours out of school, and at the age of ten you have fixed in him the opposite traits. He is on his way to the gallows. You have perhaps seen a prairie fire sweep through the tall grass across a plain. Nothing can stand before it; it must burn itself out. That is what happens when you let the weeds grow up in a child's life and then set fire to them by wrong environment.—Luther Burbank in Century.

THE GOLDFINCH.

Changes In Plumage That Are Puzzling to the Novice.

Most every one in America is acquainted with the goldfinch, but many people know the bird by the name of lettuce bird on account of its bright yellow color. Goldfinch is a very appropriate name, as the bright yellow of the male when in breeding plumage is like burnished gold. The female goldfinch is more modestly dressed than her mate. The changes in plumage of the male are very interesting and to the novice somewhat puzzling. Until the student becomes acquainted with the bird he may wonder why he sees no males during the winter. The truth is at this season the flocks of supposed female goldfinches are really of both sexes, the male bird having assumed in the previous fall, usually by the end of October, a plumage closely resembling that of the female and young bird of the year. The male retains this inconspicuous dress until late in February, when one can notice a gradual change taking place in some of the birds. This renewal of feathers is actively continued through March and April, and by the first of May our resplendent bird is with us again. The song period with the male goldfinch continues as long as he wears his gold and black livery, for it commences as early as the middle of March and ends late in August. Goldfinches are very cleanly in their habits and bathe frequently. Their nests are exquisite pieces of bird architecture, the inside being lined with the softest plant down. The mother bird is the builder, her handsome consort during the nest building time devoting most of his efforts to singing to cheer his industrious mate.—Philadelphia Press.

Grant's Presence of Mind.

An instance of great presence of mind was narrated by John Russell Young, says a writer in the Grand Magazine. Once during the civil war, when Grant was in subordinate command, he was reconnoitering alone near the enemy's lines. Suddenly he found himself confronted by one of the Confederates' pickets, who was for arresting him. "Shoo! Shoo!" said Grant, with the utmost coolness. "Can't you see I am reconnoitering in the enemy's uniform? Don't make a noise. I shall be back directly." And he walked away quietly until out of the picket's sight, then ran as nimbly as he could.

Dust In One's Eyes.

To "cast dust in one's eyes" perfectly explains itself. It is, however, interesting to know that Epaminondas at the battle of Tegea defeated the Spartans by masking his movements with a large body of cavalry. He caused the horsemen to gallop to and fro in front of the enemy in such a way as to raise a cloud of dust and so veiled the movements of his infantry and enabled them to take up a new and more advantageous position.

A Premier's Wit.

A woman once told Lord Palmerston that her maid, who had been with her in the Isle of Wight, objected to going thither again because the climate was not "embracing" enough. "What am I to do with such a woman?" she asked. "You had better take her to the Isle of Man next time," said Lord Palmerston.

Infrequent.

Kind Lady—I have nothing but some lobster salad and mince pie. You surely don't want that for your breakfast? Weary Walker—Oh, dis is me dinner, mum. I had me breakfast day before yesterday.—Cleveland Leader.

Winged time glides on insensibly and deceives us, and there is nothing more fleeting than years.—Ovid.

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IN THE SHADOW OF DEATH.

The Approach of the Black Rider Does Not Incite Fear.

As Sir Walter Scott lay dying he summoned his great friend to his side by a motion of his hand and whispered: "Lockhart, I may have but a minute to speak to you. My dear, be a good man. Be virtuous, be religious—be a good man. Nothing else will give you any comfort when you come to lie here."

Nelson in the midst of his grateful-ness for having died victoriously for England thought for a flashing mo-ment of his early record in its relation to the life after death. "Doctor," he said to the surgeon, "I have not been a great sinner."

On the other hand, there are innu-merable instances in the records of bi-ography pointing to the fact that men die without a thought of the world be-yond. Charles II. died thinking of "Poor Nell." Sir Richard Grenville died with his mouth full of oaths, curs-ing the "traitors and dogs" who had surrendered his little Revenge to the Spaniards. History is full of such in-stances.

"Indeed it is a memorable subject for consideration," says Stevenson, "with what unconcern and gayety mankind runs on along the valley of the shadow of death. The whole way is one wilderness of snares, and the end of it for those who fear the last pinch is irrevocable ruin. And yet we go spinning through it all, like a party for the Derby."

A doctor tells me that in a very long hospital experience he has never known of a sensational deathbed. The ap-proach of death is, as a rule, doubted, and up to the last moment of con-sciousness the passing soul retains its conviction in the endurance of earthly things.

Soldiers tell the same story. To die jesting seems the last act of courage possible to a fighting man, and he makes the most of it. Endless are the stories of soldiers dying in action with a shout of humor on their lips.

Even more wonderful is the cold bloodedness of men going to the scaf-fold. To feel the edge of the ax was something of a jest in old days, and there is the story of the felon going to Tyburn who blew the froth from his last mug of beer because it always gave him indigestion.

And yet it is only in brief moments that the true horror of death sweeps over the soul. We do not think about it. We put it away from us. Humani-ty has made up its mind not to be frightened. Death indeed is even pre-ferred before life. A hopeless infatua-tion for a painted doll will drive Fortunatus to suicide. Money troubles will fling a man under a passing ex-press, and dyspepsia has loaded many a revolver. Life may be inendurable, but death is not to be feared. Into the unthinkable mysteries of the universe a soul casts itself in a petulance and the waters of death close over it with-out a sound.

What has become of that soul? Where is that consciousness gone—that personality, that individual force which differed the man from every other who ever lived?

But the mob who watch the poor drenched and bloated and horrible body wheeled away to the mortuary turn away without any realization of death. They go to their taverns and their merchandise, take up the old greasy and well worn threads of their existence, and getting of food monop-olizes all their thoughts.

Fear death? They fear nothing in the world. They are not even afraid of themselves.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Unfortunate Inventors.

"Trevethick," said an inventor in a bitter tone, "invented the first steam locomotive. He exhibited it in London on a circular track. It ran fifteen miles an hour. Trevethick, though, made nothing out of his invention. People laughed at it. They did have none of it. All Trevethick accomplished in his life was to pave the way for Stephenson's success. He died in poverty, poor fel-low."

"Koenig invented the steam printing press. His partner, Bensley, cheated him. Koenig, to support life, had to sell his patents. He died a poor ma-chinist, working for about $8 a week.

"Whitney, the inventor of the cotton gin, didn't make a cent out of his idea.

"Howe, the inventor of the sewing machine, sold his patent rights for a passage to England. He was a mill hand when his machine was putting millions in the pockets of other men.

"Jacquard, the inventor of the fa-mous loom, might have become a bil-lionaire. This unselfish Frenchman, though, gave his invention to the gov-ernment, and all he got in return—all he asked in return—was a pension of $1,000 a year."

Human Life the Music of the Gods.

Somewhere it is said that human life is the music of the gods—that its sobs and laughter, its songs and shrieks and orisons, its oiteries of delight and of despair, rise never to the hearing of the immortals but as a perfect har-mony. Wherefore they could not desire to hush the tones of pain. It would spoil their music. The combination, without the agony tones, would prove a discord unendurable to ears divine. And in one way we are like unto the gods, since it is only the sum of the pains and the joys of past lives innu-merable that makes for us, through memory organic, the ecstasy of music. All the gladness and the grief of dead generations come back to haunt us in countless forms of harmony and melo-dy. Even so—a million years after we shall have ceased to view the sun—will the gladness and the grief of our own lives pass with richer music into other hearts, there to barter, for one myste-rious moment, some deep and exquisite thrilling of voluptuous pain.—Lafcadio Hearne.

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Via Nickel Plate Road. Tickets on sale from Buffalo to San Francisco and Los Angeles at this very low rate April 24th to May 4th. Good return limit and stop-over privileges. Before arranging for your trip, write R. E. Payne, Gen-eral agent, 291 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y., or C. C. Lowry, T. P. A., Holland, N. Y.

Cured Him.

"I wish my husband would not stay out at night," said the little woman.

"Cure him," said her companion, "as a woman I know cured her husband, who used to stay out every night. One night he came in very late, or, rather, very early, about 3 o'clock in the morn-ing. He came home very quietly. In fact, he took off his shoes on the front doorstep. Then he unlocked the door and went cautiously and slowly up-stairs on tiptoe, holding his breath. But light was streaming through the keyhole of the door of the bedroom. With a sigh, he paused. Then he open-ed the door and entered. His wife stood by the bureau fully dressed.

"'I didn't expect you'd be sitting up for me, my dear,' he said.

"'I haven't been,' she said. 'I just came in myself.'"

Presence of Mind.

Mme. Rachel, the great actress, was resting also in her dressing room one night preparatory to going on the stage when a man suddenly entered and, drawing a dagger, said he was going to kill her if she did not at once con-sent to marry him. The actress saw at a glance that the man was mad and meant what he said. So with the ut-most coolness she replied: "Certainly I will marry you. I wish nothing better. Come with me to the priest at once. I have had him come here for the pur-pose." She took his arm, and they went out together—to where there was assistance, of course, and the man was immediately put under arrest.—Phila-delphia Record.

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Notice to Advertisers.

All advertisers should remember that changes of advertisements must reach this office not later than 1 p. m. on Tuesday in order to appear in the fol-lowing issue of the MINER. We must strictly enforce this rule so it would be well to paste this where the "ad man" can see it.

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Mr. Thomas Secrist says, under date of Jan. 31, 1906, that he had Muscular Rheumatism for six years, part of the time suffered so he could not sleep at night. Says he has taken two 50 cent bottles of Crocker's Rheumatic Cure, and can sleep and has not felt the pain in his arms since. He recommends any-one suffering with Rheumatism to try a fifty-cent bottle.

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NOTICE.

THE FOLLOWING ACCOUNTS OF ADMINISTRATOR, Executors and Guardians, having been settled in the office of the Register of Wills, the same will be presented for con-firmation at the Orphans' Court to be held at Smethport, in and for the county of Mc-Kean and State of Pennsylvania, on the first Monday of June, A. D. 1906.

First and partial account of Mary E. Connol-ly, administratrix of the estate of Andrew J. Connolly, deceased.

First, final and distributive account of Emile Stenger, executor of the last Will and Testa-ment of Leonie Stoner, deceased.

First and final account of Sheridan Gorton, administrator of the estate of Z. T. Carl, de-ceased.

Second and final account of Sheridan Gorton, executor of the last Will and Testament of W. F. Ormsby, deceased.

First and final account of Thomas E. Monl-ton, administrator of the estate of George W. Lawrence, deceased.

Final account of Nils Nilson, guardian of Emil Olson, late minor child of Eric G. Olson, deceased.

First and final account of James P. Ryan, ad-ministrator of the estate of Charles Moore, de-ceased.

First and final account of W. M. Baker, ad-ministrator of the estate of Edward Price, de-ceased.

First and final account of E. A. Barden, ad-ministrator of the estate of Lorenzo D. Hill, de-ceased.

First and final account of C. T. Evans, ad-ministrator of the estate of Anna Barrackman, deceased.

JOHN B. EASTMAN, Register,
Smethport, Pa., May 5, 1906.

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Sixty years of paint-making
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"Adam had the earth at one time; let his ex-perience be a general warning."

He wouldn't have wanted the "apple" if he had had some of our

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SHERIFF'S SALES.

BY VIRTUE OF SUNDRY WRITS OF Fieri Facias, Levari Facias and Venditioni Ex-ponas, Alias Fieri Facias, Pluries Fieri Facias, issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Mc-Kean County, Pa., and to me directed, I will expose at public sale in the Court House, in the borough of Smethport, on

MONDAY, JUNE 4, 1906,

at 1 p. m., the following several pieces of prop-erty:

1.

Defendant's interest in all that certain par-cel or lot of land situate in the Third Ward of City of Bradford, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows: Being lot No. 87x fronting 41 feet on State street, between Pearl street and Center street, on the State street paving assessment map made by A. F. Bannon, Jr., City Engineer, said map being on file in the Recorder's office of McKean county, Pennsylvania, in Deed Book Vol. 115 at page No. 559.

Unimproved.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of A. W. Newell at the suit of the City of Bradford.

F. P. Schoonmaker, Solicitor.

2.

Defendant's interest in all that certain piece or lot of land situate in the City of Bradford, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a post in the east line of North Mechanic street sixty-six (66) feet north from the north-west corner of Frank Carlson lot; thence east by line parallel with north line of Carlson lot sixty-five (65) feet; thence north by line paral-lel with east line of Mechanic street twenty (20) feet to a point; thence west by line paral-lel with first line sixty-five (65) feet to place of beginning. Containing thirteen hundred (1300) square feet, being parts of Village lots 971 and 972, Warrant 3900.

Improved, having thereon two story frame building.

Defendant's interest in all that certain piece or lot of land situate in the 4th ward of the City of Bradford, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a point in the east line of Pine street two hundred and sixty-one (261) feet south along said east line of Pine street from the southeast line of N. Y. L. E. & W. R. R. Company land; thence east seventy-nine (79) feet; thence south fifty (50) feet; thence west seventy-nine (79) feet; thence north fifty (50) feet to place of beginning, comprising two lots each in a front of twenty-five (25) feet on Pine street, as designated on plan of lots of C. D. Webster.

Unimproved.

Defendant's interest in all that certain piece or lot of land situate in the 4th ward of the City of Bradford, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a post in the west line of Pine street and the south line of lands of Railroad ground; thence south one hundred and fifty-five (155) feet; thence west one hun-dred (100) feet; thence north seven and one-half (7½) feet to a post; thence west one hun-dred (100) feet to a post; thence north twenty (20) feet; thence north sixty (60) degrees east, two hundred and thirty-seven (237) feet to the place of beginning.

Improved, having thereon two story frame dwelling, office building and frame buildings *formerly* used as bottling works.

Defendant's interest in all that certain piece or lot of land situate in the City of Bradford, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to-wit: Be-ginning at a post in the east side of Penn Ave-nue at a distance of two hundred and sixty-nine (269) feet south of the south line of Corydon street; thence southerly along the east line of Penn avenue thirty (30) feet; thence east at right angles with Penn avenue eighty (80) feet; thence northerly parallel with Penn ave-nue thirty (30) feet; thence west eighty (80) feet to the place of beginning, being lot No. 9 of C. J. Lane-Sanders as surveyed by J. A. Say-mour, surveyor, recorded in Deed Book 56, page 85, etc.

Unimproved.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Mrs. S. S. Woodburn at the suit of Brown & Schoonmaker and others.

James P. Ryan, Brown & Schoonmaker, Plaintiffs' Attorneys.

3.

Defendant's interest in all that certain piece of land situate in the (Town) now City of Brad-ford, County of McKean and State of Pennsyl-vania, bounded and described as follows, viz: Commencing at a post on the north side of the West Branch of the Buffalo, Bradford & Pittsburgh Railroad; thence northerly along Pearl street sixteen (16) rods, more or less to a post; thence east twelve (12) rods more or less to a post; thence south to said railroad; thence southwesterly along said railroad to the place of beginning. Containing one hundred and thirty-seven (137) rods more or less. Being the same lot deeded to Lyman H. Walker by deed dated April 28th 1878 and recorded in Recorder's Of-fice in Deed Book No. 17 page 270 &c.; on Nov. 19th 1882 from Asa Scott and from Augustus W. Newell to Asa Scott by deed dated Febru-ary 23rd 1877 recorded in Recorder's Office of McKean county in Deed Book N at page 446, &c.

Improved and having thereon two one story frame dwelling houses and one one and one-half story frame dwelling house.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of J. P. Ryan, administrator of the estate of Lyman H. Walker, deceased, Wil-liam Walker, Charles Walker and Cady Walk-er, at the suit of C. G. Fitzgibbon.

Brown & Schoonmaker, Plaintiff's Attorney.

4.

Defendant's interest in all that certain piece, parcel or lot of land situate, lying and being in the Borough of Kane, McKean county and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a point in the south side of Bayard street (thirty feet from the cen-ter thereof) three hundred and thirty-two feet (332 ft.) west of the southwest corner of Bay-ard and Hacker streets; thence south 19 de-grees 30 minutes east one hundred and twenty feet (120 ft.) to a post; thence south 70 degrees 30 minutes west fifty feet (50 ft.) to a post; thence north 19 degrees 30 minutes west one hundred and twenty feet (120 ft.) to a post; thence north 70 degrees 30 minutes east fifty feet (50 ft.) to the place of beginning. Contain-ing 6,000 square feet of land and being lot No. 3 of Cowan & Dill. And being the same premises which were conveyed to the said Cur-tis by E. W. Campbell, W. Campbell, administrators of the estate of G. W. Campbell, deceased, Joshua Davis, executor and Ter-rence Moffitt, executrix of the estate of M. W. Moffitt, deceased, said premises being subject to all the reservations, exceptions and restric-tions contained in deed from David H. Wells and wife and Joshua Davis and wife to said M. W. Moffitt and G. W. Campbell dated June 26th, 1888, and recorded in the Recorder's Office of McKean county in Deed Book 94, page 502, etc., and reference thereto being had the same will more fully and at large appear.

Improved and having thereon one two story frame dwelling house and usual outbuildings.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of E. S. Cutler at the suit of A. Clemenger.

Elmer C. Anderson, Plaintiff's Attorney.

5.

Defendants' interest in all that certain lot or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the City of Bradford, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to-wit: Commencing at a point in the northeast corner of Davis and Boylston streets and running thence northerly along the east line of Davis street seventy-eight (78) feet to a point; thence easterly in a line parallel with the north line of Boylston street thirty-seven (37) feet to a point; thence southerly in a line parallel with the east line of Davis street seven-ty-eight (78) feet to a point in the north line of Boylston street; thence westerly along the north line of Boylston street thirty-seven (37) feet to the place of beginning.

Improved and having thereon one three story frame building, at one time known as Cen-tral Hose House.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of A. M. Mayer, A. C. Stenger and Clyde M. McDonnell, Trustees, Bradford Aerie No. 39 F. O. E., at the suit of Bovaird & Sey-fang Manufacturing Company.

W. B. Burdick, Plaintiff's Attorney.

6.

Defendant's interest in all that certain piece, parcel or tract of land situate, lying and being in the Township of Norwich, County of Mc-Kean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows: Beginning in the centre of the right of way of the Western New York and Pennsylvania railroad; running thence north 86 degrees west along the north of said Garretts lot seventy rods to a post; thence north 30½ degrees west fifty-one and two-tenths rods to the southeast corner of the Parker lot; thence north 4 degrees west twenty-four rods along the east line of the Parker lot to a post; thence south 86 degrees east one hundred thirty-seven and four-tenths rods to the center of the right of way of the above named railroad; thence along the said right of way south 19 degrees west seven rods; thence south 29 degrees west forty-eight rods; thence south 46 degrees west thirty-three rods to the place of beginning. Containing fifty-one acres be the same more or less. Excepting and reserving all the oil, gas or other minerals on said land or under it with the right of in-gress, egress and regress to make and remove the same. This grant is also subject to the right of way of the above mentioned railroad company.

ALSO all that piece of land situate in the township of Norwich, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows: Beginning at the northeast of a lot surveyed for R. B. Davis being a post cor-ner; thence east twenty and tenth perches to a post corner in the center of the old road; thence west one hundred and six and six-tenths perches to a post corner on the hill; thence east eighty-six and three-tenths to the place of beginning. Containing fifty acres strict measure be the same more or less. Being lot Number 44 of the allotment of land in Norwich township and part of Warrant No. 1192. Ex-cepting and reserving therefrom the perpetual right of way for a railroad, tram road, wagon road or sleigh road over and across said land, said right of way to be 25 feet in width and ex-tend from the Western New York and Penn-sylvania Railroad right of way to and through said land; said right of way being already lo-cated upon the abandoned right of way for-merly occupied by F. H. Goodyear for a tram road with right of ingress, egress and regress.

Improved and having thereon one board house, one frame barn, orchard about 30 trees, about 30 acres cleared.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Fred W. Brownell, Adminis-trator of the estate of Forrest W. Garrett and of Eliza H. Garrett, deceased, et al., at the suit of William S. Walker, executor of the es-tate of Geo. A. Walker, deceased.

E. R. Mayo & Son, plaintiff's attorneys.

7.

Defendant's interest in all that certain piece, parcel or tract of land situate lying and being in the Township of Ceres, County of McKean, and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows to-wit: Commencing twenty rods east of the north-east corner of lot No. 7, contracted to Geo. Wilcox and afterwards deeded to H. D. Ault; thence south 87 degrees east, four rods to a post; thence south 4¼ degrees west one hun-dred and nine-tenths (100.9) rods; thence south 85¼ degrees west ten and four-tenths (10.4) rods; thence south 4¼ degrees west, twenty-eight and eight-tenths (28.8) rods to the southeast cor-ner of said lot No. 7; thence north 6 degrees east sixty-three and six-tenths (63.6) rods; thence south 88 degrees east, twenty rods (20); thence north 3 degrees east, sixty-four (64) rods to the place of beginning, containing nine and seventy-six one-hundredths (9.76) acres more or less and being designat-ed as lot No. 8 by the survey made by Robert King, and part of lot No. 398 of the allot-ment of Keating lands in Ceres township, and part of warrants 4324 and 2230, being as hereinbefore mentioned lot No. 8 less eight acres reserved from said lot No. 8 by the above description.

ALSO all that other piece or parcel of land situate in Ceres township aforesaid, and bounded and described as follows, to-wit: Beginning at the northwest corner of land conveyed to W. M. and J. S. Skiver; thence south 84¼ degrees west ninety-three and eight-tenths rods to a post; thence west nine and eight-tenths rods to a post; thence south 85¼ degrees west, fourteen and six-tenths rods to a post; thence north 4¼ degrees east one hundred and nine-tenths (100.9) rods to a post; thence south 87 degrees east twenty-six rods to the place of beginning contain-ing fourteen and 75-100 acres more or less according to a survey made by Robert King, and being lot designated on said King's map and survey of lot No. 398 into subdivision as lot No. 9 being part of warrant No. 3854, re-serving from the northwest corner of said described lot one-half acre which was here-before conveyed to Ceres twp as a school house lot, and all of the hereinbefore de-scribed premises being portions of the same land conveyed to Clara M. Simmons by Francis M. Simmons by deed dated Dec. 16th 1889, and recorded in the Recorder's Office for McKean county in Deed Book 89, page 502, &c., on Dec. 16th, 1889.

Partly improved and having thereon a few fruit trees

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Lewis E. Simmons at the suit of Mary Keys Cotton and Eva R. Dun-lap.

J. R. Haughney, Plaintiff's Attorney.

GEORGE W. MITCHELL, Sheriff.
Sheriff's Office, Smethport, Pa., May 16, 1906.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 28, December Term, 1905.

MCKEAN COUNTY, ss:—THE COMMON-wealth of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, William R. Case did, on the 8th day of October 1905, prefer his petition to the said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said County, praying for the causes therein set forth he might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Caroline C. Case.

We therefore command you, the said Caroline C. Case, that setting aside all other busi-ness and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the County of McKean, on the first Monday of June next to an-swer the petition or libel of William R. Case and show cause, if any you have, why the said William R. Case, your hus-band, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

GEORGE W. MITCHELL, Sheriff.
Smethport, Pa., May 5, 1906.
R. B. Stone, Libellant's Attorney.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 110, December Term, 1905.

MCKEAN COUNTY, ss:—THE COMMON-wealth of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Margaret Lockyer did, on the 30th day of October 1905, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said county, praying for the cause, therein set forth she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Charles Lockyer.

We therefore command you, the said Charles Lockyer that setting aside all other busi-ness and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the county of McKean, on the first Monday of June, 1906, to answer the peti-tion or libel of Margaret Lockyer and show cause, if any you have, why the said Mar-garet Lockyer, your wife, should not be di-vorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

GEORGE W. MITCHELL, Sheriff.
Smethport, Pa., May 8, 1906.
R. B. Stone, Libellant's Attorney.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 73, December Term, 1905.

MCKEAN COUNTY, ss:—THE COMMON-wealth of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Bertha L. L. Kelly did, on the 12th day of October, 1905, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Com-mon Pleas of said county, praying for the causes therein set forth she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, John R. Kelly.

We therefore command you, the said John R. Kelly, that setting aside all other busi-ness and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the county of McKean on the first Monday of June next, to an-swer the petition of libel of Bertha L. L. Kelly and show cause, if any you have, why the said Bertha L. L. Kelly, your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matri-mony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

GEORGE W. MITCHELL, Sheriff.
Smethport, Pa., May 8, 1906.
E. R. Mayo & Son, Libellant's Attorney.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 50, December Term, 1905.

MCKEAN COUNTY, ss:—THE COMMON-wealth of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Emma Vogel did, on the 11th day of October, 1905, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said county, praying for the causes therein set forth she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Robert Vogel.

We therefore command you, the said Robert Vogel that setting aside all other busi-ness and excuses whatsoever, you be and ap-pear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the County of McKean, on the first Monday of June, 1906, to answer the petition or libel of Emma Vogel and show cause, if any you have, why the said Emma Vogel your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

GEORGE W. MITCHELL, Sheriff.
Smethport, Pa., May 8, 1906.
A. P. Huey, Libellant's Attorney.

Notice.

And now, to-wit, April 7, 1906, it is ordered that a special term of the Courts of Quarter Sessions of the Peace, Oyer and Terminer and general Jail Delivery, be holden in and for the County of McKean on the second Monday of June, A. D. 1906, at 2 o'clock p. m. (that being the 11th day of June, A. D. 1906), and continue one week, and that a venire issue to the Sheriff and Jury Commissioners of said County com-manding the said Sheriff and Jury Commis-sioners to impanel and the said Sheriff to sum-mon fifty-six persons to serve as petit jurors in said Courts.

JOS. W. BOUTON, President Judge.

Attest:
WM. H. MORRISON, Clerk.

Executor's Notice.

Estate of Peter Fay, Sr., deceased. Letters testamentary on the above estate having been granted to the undersigned, all persons in debted to the said estate are requested to make payment, and those having claims to present the same without delay, to Gorton & Rich-mond, Attys., Smethport, Pa.

CARL R. BARD,
Executor.

Professional Cards.

Attorneys.

Gorton & Richmond.
ATTORNEYS AT LAW. All legal business given prompt attention.
Smethport, Pa.

Gallup & Bouton.
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW. All legal business promptly and carefully attended to. Office over Hamlin's Bank, Smethport, Pa.

E. L. Keenan.
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW
Office adjoining Residence, Main Street
Smethport, Pa
All legal business attended to promptly.

BYRON D. HAMLIN. JOHN FORREST.
Hamlin & Forrest
LAW AND LAND OFFICE, Smethport, Pa. Office of the lands of Hamlin & Forrest. (for-merly Keating & Co.) situated in the counties of McKean, Potter, Cameron, Clinton and Clearfield.

E. R. Mayo & Son,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Office in Odd Fellows Building, over the Post Office, Smethport, Pa Office connected with long distance telephone. E. R. Mayo, notary public.

Thomas H. Morrison,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Smethport, Penn'a
All legal business given prompt and care-ful attention.

E. R. Sherman,
PENSION ATTORNEY AND NOTARY PUBLIC. Claims for Bounty, Back Pay, Pensions, &c., both War of the Rebellion and Spanish War claims given prompt attention. Special attention given to both widow's and invalid claims under the act of May 9, 1900. Office No. 15 Main street, Bradford, Pa. Te-lephone 404.

Physicians.

Burg Chadwick, M. D.
—PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON—
Office in Drug Store.
Calls answered promptly day or night.
Bell Phone.

H. L. McCoy,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, office in I. O. O. F. Block, Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

John Clark, M. D. C. M.
Office and Residence in Clark Block, Smeth-port, Pa. Office Hours, 8 to 10 a. m. and 1 to 3 p. m.

W. A. Ostrander, Ph. G., M. D.
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.
Office and Residence over Lemmler's harness shop.
Day or Night Calls promptly attended to

G. E. Bennighoff,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON; 21 Main St., Bradford, Pa. Special attention given to surgery and surgical diseases of women. Office hours from 1:30 to 3:30 and 7 to 8 p. m.

J. C. Brown,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Office and Residence one door East of Catholic Parson-age, Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

ROBERT HAMILTON, M. D., C. M.
Office hours—8 to 9 a. m. and 1 to 3 p. m.
Office and residence, Hamilton Block, second floor, Smethport, Pa.

Dr. E. R. Baker,
DENTIST.
Teeth extracted without pain. All kinds of dental work done promptly and satisfaction guaranteed.
Office over McCoy's Drug Store.

Hotels.

RAND CENTRAL HOTEL,
JAMES McGUIRE, PROP'P
Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
This hotel has recently been renovat-ed and refurnished. The table and bar constantly supplied with the best the market affords. First-class in every respect. Rates reasonable.

WRIGHT HOUSE,
Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
DODGE & SHERBURNE, Prop.
F. L. SHERBURNE, Mgr.
This hostelry is newly overhauled and renovated; its rooms are light and airy; its tables well supplied with delicacies and its bar well stocked.

COMMERCIAL HOUSE,
T. H. PURTLE, Prop.
125 Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
Refitted, repainted and refurnished throughout. The COMMERCIAL is complete in all its ar-rangements. I am prepared to cater to the wants of the general public. Give me a call.

BAYER HOUSE,
CLERMONT, PENNA.
This house has just been rebuilt and refur-nished. The tables are supplied with the best the market affords and the accommodations are all that can be desired. The bar is supplied with the best brands of liquors and cigars.
BOYD & SMITH, Proprietors.

New Spring Styles in Shoes. Gold Seal and Goodyear Rubbers.

Anderson & Carlson
Smethport, Pa.
Repairing a Specialty.